10c Don't Miss THE SINGLE STANDARD STARRING Greta Garbo 10

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

No. 830 September 3, 1929

Lonely? Join Rosemary Lee's Helping Hearts Club

Winifred Westover

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

ETHEL ROSEMON
Editor

ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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They will be handled with care but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

Helping Hearts Club

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

Your Big Chief Pal is a good little guesser—but it's well nigh impossible for her to know your last name and your address unless you let her in on the secret. Some of you, I believe, put these two important items on the envelope and neglect to repeat them inside your letter. Envelopes are destroyd and the letters nicely laid out when they reach my desk—and then, alas, I find "Dreamy Blue Eyes", "Western Boy," etc., and I consult Mystic Myra, all in vain. Really, she's a very capable young lady but never yet has she been able to look into her crystal and give me a pal's last name. Then, too, some of you put the name of your town and forget all about the poor little state. Follows a great discussion, we all guess, send the mail off to the state that receives the greatest number of votes—and back it comes. Whether or not you have been receiving your mail regularly, I want every single pal to do this: Get a post card and print or type the following information in this form: WESTERN BOY — JOHN GREEN — 65 SMITH STREET—SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

And, new pals, with your first letter send in this information made out exactly as above on a post card. It is for our card index and will be the only record we will have. More next issue!

ROSEMARY LEE.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

May I join the Helping Hearts Club? I am twenty-two years old and have brown eyes and hair. I desire to make friends with all the members of this club. I would like to hear from all from the ages of 16 to 30, either men or women. It doesn't matter about looks or name, only please drop a line to a lonesome chap. This is especially for Cora of Augusta, Maine, Greta of Nova Scotia, Pittsburgh Jimmie. And all those whom I haven't mentioned, please write to

Lonesome Chas. of Boston.

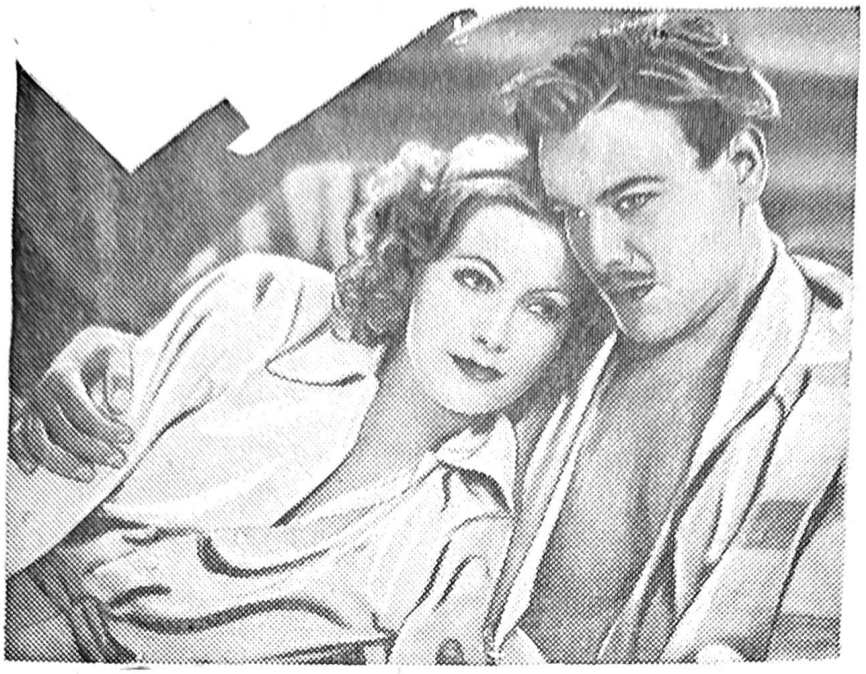
You have been patient, Charles, but your reward is right at hand. All you have to do now is hold out your hand and see what Santa Claus has for you.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I'm five foot nine, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, have wavy brown hair, blue eyes, and am twenty-four years of age. I would like to hear from anyone, any-

(*Continued on page 23*)



As the All Alone glided South, past pale, dreaming islands, Packy and Arden lived in a world apart, their love all-sufficient.

The Single Standard

"Why," she asked, "should there be one set of laws for the man, another for the woman?" Then, after years of restless questioning, she thought she had found the answer.

By ETHEL ROSEMON

THERE was something "different" about Arden Stuart, something that did not depend upon regularity of features, beauty of form. Perhaps it was the desire for freedom of thought and action that shone in her clear, direct gaze, that expressed itself in the almost boyish swing of her walk. Women felt it and wished they had it; men felt it and forgot there was anyone else in the room when she was present. She was a problem to many—and, most of all, to herself. The constant reaching out for something she knew life had to give and yet she could not define often made her restless, even unhappy. She searched for it in the women she knew and could not find it, in the men—and, just as she seemed about to grasp it, it eluded her and left her still restless and sometimes unhappy. She thought she had obtained it in the handsome young chauffeur who drove her car. It was nothing unusual for her to leave a dull—to her—social gathering and go dashing out into the night with him, her own firm hand on the wheel.

It was at a bridge party at her own home one evening that the mad desire to feel the clear night wind in her face, the ground flying beneath her, seized her and she ordered the car.

"I feel like doing seventy," she announced as she slipped into the driver's seat.

Her brother Ding who strolled out into the garden at that moment for a smoke protested:

"You're not going for a drive at this hour of the night!"

With a gay wave of her hand she shot the car forward and a cloud of dust was the worried brother's only answer.

There was silence in the car as it sped over the country road, silence until the girl brought it to a sudden halt at the water's edge.

"Arden, you mustn't be seen so much with your chauffeur. What will people think?" the young man questioned as his companion sank back in her seat with a sigh of contentment.

With a characteristic gesture, she shook back the hair that the wind had blown in her face before she replied:

"Confess you're an ace-aviator, son of Lord Kendall, and they'll all try to marry you to their daughters."

The man's eyes grew grave.

"I'm no credit to the family," he returned. "Your friendship is the first decent thing I've known since the War."

"Come on, let's get out and go nearer to the water and that glorious moonlight," she suggested, ignoring his remark and jumping from the car.

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story by Adela Rogers St. John. Josephine Lovett wrote the scenario and John S. Robertson directed, with Greta Garbo appearing as Arden Stuart, Nils Asther as Packy Cannon, John Mack Brown as Tommy Hewlett, Lane Chandler as Ding Stuart, Robert Castle as Anthony Kendall, Mahlon Hamilton as Mr. Glendenning, Kathlyn Williams as Mrs. Glendenning and Zeffie Tilbury as Mrs. Hadley.

Sitting so close that the lapping waves almost touched her dainty slippers, her dreamy eyes fastened on the path of light that seemed to lead into another world, she fell into one of those silences that her companion had come to know—and respect. At last she turned to him with the wistful longing in her face that so many men had wished—and tried—to satisfy and he gathered her in his arms and crushed her to him. In the girl there was a sense not of yielding but of giving as she remained in his embrace, her head thrown back, her eyes gazing into his. Then suddenly he released her, sincere regret in his voice as he said:

"I'm a cad, Arden. I shouldn't allow you to be here."

"Why shouldn't I be here—if you are?" she voiced the question that had always puzzled her—why there should be one set of rules for men, another for women.

"You're a girl—you can't get away with the things a man can," he voiced the world-old convention.

"What difference whether girl or man?" she expressed her desire for freedom. "Both have the right to—life. I don't believe in half measures—I want to live honestly."

Then the fire died from her eyes and she sat quietly, her hand in his, her gaze fixed again on that golden pathway across the water, seeking the unknown realm into which her soul longed to wander, untrammeled.

"They'll be missing you," he suggested finally. "We must go back."

Submissively she rose and climbed back into the car.

As the machine came to a halt in the driveway of the Stuart home, Ding stepped from the shadow of a tree, his eyes glinting angrily.

"Get out of that car and pack your things!" he ordered the chauffeur. "You're leaving tonight."

"No, no, it was my fault. I asked him to go," the girl protested.

"Never mind. It's all right," the chauffeur whispered. "Goodby." He patted her hand and started the car, putting an end to further discussion.

Before the brother and sister turned from the driveway, they heard the crash—and Arden's heart told her it had not been accidental. The machine was a wreck, the young man crushed beneath it—dead before they reached him. The girl's eyes were miserable, yet she made no outcry as Ding led her back to the house and notified the authorities.

THUS closed a chapter in Arden's life and months later she was still trying to understand it, trying the evening she wandered off in a driving rain—and landed at an art exhibit. Perhaps she would find something there to interest her. But it was the same old story—new subjects, perhaps, but a variation of the same technique, the same splashes of color. As she turned away with a weary little gesture, she was attracted by the sound of gaiety from one of the rooms, on the half-open door of which was a card, "Packy Cannon". She walked slowly over to the threshold and then stepped inside. A group of men and women gathered about a tall, sun-bronzed man was listening attentively to some experience he was relating.

"Is that Packy Cannon, the painter?" Arden asked a man on the edge of the group. He nodded, adding:

"Painter, ex-sailor—and prize-fighter."

The girl regarded Cannon with interest. She had often read about him in the daily press but had pictured him as older—perhaps a trifle ordinary. But the man before her was young, handsome. His eyes were quick, eager; his smile, ready, illuminating. There was something vital, compelling about him Arden had never known in another man. She stood staring at him, unconscious of her surroundings until a hand touched her arm and one of the gallery attendants who had watched her pass through the door and felt sure she was not one of Cannon's guests whispered respectfully:

"Sorry, Madame, the exhibition is closed."

But Packy Cannon had not been unaware of the girl's interested gaze and had returned it while seeming to be entirely engrossed in his story. Sensing that the attendant had asked her to leave—and fearing that she would—he quickly stepped to her side and said quietly:

"Please make yourself at home." Then he returned to his guests as if there had been no interruption to his story. When he had finished, one of his friends railed him:

"Paintin' pictures—you that was an honest prize-fighter! Bet you couldn't knock me out now!"

Packy laughed as he took a roll of bills from his pocket and laid it on the table. Then the private studio of the art gallery witnessed an unusual scene, a friendly but none the less serious prize fight, with Packy's guests grouped around, cheering and applauding, and Arden Stuart on the edge of the circle, an interested spectator. When it was over, with Packy the victor, the girl still stood there and Packy flashed her a quick look in which there was an entreaty not to leave before he could speak to her again. But, quick as it was, it was intercepted by a tall willowy girl who, Arden was quick to sense, had an unusual interest in the painter. The girl edged around toward Packy, then, with a backward nod toward Arden, inquired significantly:

"Still sailing for the South Seas tomorrow—or changed your mind?"

The man caught her hidden meaning and there was appreciation of her keenness in his smile as he replied:

"I'm still sailing."

"Want company?" she asked with a trace of eagerness in her tone.

"I'm sailing alone," he told her decisively. Then, before he turned to bide farewell to his departing guests, he whispered to Arden, "Wait."

The girl wandered to the table and, picking up a book titled, "The Philosophy of Love," opened it to the page where the last reader had left the book mark and read:

"Nature I loved and next to Nature, Art. I warmed both hands before the fire of Life."

She was still engrossed in the book when Packy returned from the doorway. Finally she felt his eyes fastened upon her and looked up to find that they were alone together.

"Most people don't believe I can read," he smiled.

"Does any one know the philosophy of love?" she questioned.

"There are many theories about love," he told her, "but only one answer, equality—and perfect freedom."

"That's what I think," she returned in surprise. Then they sat there talking of the most interesting thing in life, unmindful of the passage of time, until a clock striking in the distance penetrated Arden's consciousness of the outside world.

"Oh, I must go," she exclaimed, rising hurriedly.

"You can't go out now—in this rain," he protested.

She walked to the window and looked down on the wet streets, on the few late stragglers, hurrying to get in from the downpour, then turned smiling eyes to his.

"I came in the rain," she reminded. "I like it."

"You're a strange girl," he told her, "and I don't want to let you go."

"But I must," she insisted and he accompanied her to the door.

By this time the street was a veritable stream and, hailing a taxi, he lifted her in his arms and placed her inside it. His pulse quickened at her nearness, an unusual occurrence for Packy Cannon, and for the first time he thought with regret of the yacht at that very moment being loaded with supplies for the morning's departure.

"I sail at eight," he told her. "Have breakfast with me on the *All Alone*."

Her only reply was a wistful smile that promised nothing and, putting his arms about her, he drew her to him and pressed an impassioned kiss on her upturned lips. And in that second he knew she would breakfast with him the next morning—and she knew it, too.

IT was a new experience for both of them, sitting there at the table in the cabin of the trim little yacht, eating but scarcely conscious of doing so, voicing their thoughts as they came, rather than carrying on a conversation, feeling infinitely near, in spite of their short acquaintance, yet knowing that the clock was ticking away the minutes to a long, perhaps a final separation. Outside on the dock the Captain was staving off reporters who had heard of the bout staged in the studio the previous evening and were anxious for a feature story, for Packy Cannon was always good "copy".

"Nine o'clock, sir!" the Captain finally announced, entering the cabin after several worried glances at his watch, for, an hour before, sailing time, Packy had dismissed him with a decisive nod.

"Five minutes more," Packy directed.

When the five minutes were up, he was tempted to increase the delay indefinitely but he was a stickler for

"But, Arden, don't you understand? Our love has been so perfect, we must keep it so always —in memory."

"Are you afraid, Arden?"

schedules—and he knew that each moment would make the parting still more difficult. So he took her up to the deck and watched her as she slowly made her way along the dock. Then she turned for a last wave of farewell and, caution thrown to the wind, unmindful of the staring reporters who were already gossiping about the fact that Arden Stuart who was known to all of them by reputation was leaving Packy Cannon's cabin at that early hour, he jumped to the dock and rushed after her. Seizing her in his arms as if he would never let her go, he kissed her again and again, then, turning, led her back to the yacht, without a word's having passed between them—indeed, none was necessary.

FOLLOWED soft luring nights, days of sunlit stillness, as the *All Alone* glided further South, past pale, dreaming islands, and Packy and Arden lived in a world apart, their love all-sufficient. Sometimes hours went by in complete silence as they stretched idly on the deck of the yacht. Arden's presence was taken by the crew as a matter of course and, as the slim, boyish figure garbed in one of Packy's suits passed back and forth on the deck, there was no look of criticism in the men's eyes. The freedom of the seas was theirs. Why should it not belong to the girl also? And at times it seemed to Packy that he had a jolly young boy companion, for she swam with him, fished with him, enjoyed every recreation that he did and it was only when the mood seized her that she was all woman, searching for the indefinable something her soul craved.

Weeks passed, months, strange lands, lonely seas, the fiery tropic sun, then one day Arden, lying on the deck, looking up at the sky, realized that something unusual was happening. Sitting up, she saw that there was a bustle of activity on board and realized that the *All Alone* had changed her course.

"Packy," she cried as she hurried to his side, "we're turning back." The man nodded. "You're not taking me home?" she asked anxiously. "We are still going on together?" Packy looked at her and his eyes were grave.

"No, Arden," he said, "we must go on—alone." The hurt look in her eyes stabbed him to the heart but he continued, "Arden, I have work to do, work that takes

my life, and sooner or later I would make you unhappy and I couldn't bear that."

The girl uttered no protest but turned and fled down to her own cabin. There Packy found her with her head in the basin, vigorously shampooing her hair as if seeking relief from her tortured thoughts in physical activity. He reached for a towel and, gently raising her head, began to dry the tousled locks. She stood before him submissively as if she had lost all power of initiative. He tilted her chin so that her eyes gazed up into his and he was startled at the hopelessness written there. Then she answered as if he had just spoken the words that had sent her world crumbling down about her:

"But, Packy, we're both free, there's nothing to spoil our love."

"But, Arden, don't you understand?" he questioned. "Our love has been so perfect, we must keep it so always —in memory."

They were agony to the girl, those days that took her nearer home, nearer to the inevitable separation, and the man suffered, too, for in their weeks together Arden had become very dear to him. Had he followed his own desires, he would have kept on going, aimlessly, enjoying each moment as it came. But he thought that the urge for work was the most vital thing in his life, more vital even than his love, and the break would be more difficult for both as time wore on. It was a pitiful little figure he left at the dock. Arden Stuart had found the thing for which she had been searching through the restless years, had found it and lost it.

MRS. Glendenning and Mrs. Handley, arbiters of the social set, sat at the desk in the office of the yacht club, the latter busy with paper and pencil making out the guest list for a reception she was planning. Mrs. Glendenning took the list and scanned it rapidly, then opened her eyes in surprise.

"You're not going to invite Arden Stuart after that disgraceful scandal?" she queried.

Mrs. Handley's keen eyes had a look of tolerant amusement as she returned:

"You'd be proud to entertain the famous Packy Cannon." Her friend could not deny it. "Well, what's sauce for the gander is no longer applesauce for the goose," she told her.

Mrs. Glendenning had no argument to bring forth, but she felt instinctively that the other woman was making a serious mistake in thus flying in the face of social conventions, but then she was sure Arden's delicacy of feeling would prompt her to refuse the invitation. But the girl had no such intention.

"I don't believe in half measures," she had said. "I want to live honestly." And in living honestly she felt she had nothing to hide.

The night of the reception the women greeted her coldly or turned aside and pretended not to be aware of her presence. The men, even the married ones who could escape the watchful eyes of their wives, flocked about her more eagerly than ever. Among them was Tommy Hewlett who had never made any effort to conceal his love for Arden.

"You're lovelier than ever," he whispered as he led her out on the dance floor, "dangerously lovely."

She smiled at him gratefully, for, underneath it all, Arden was extremely sensitive and the snubs of her women friends cut her to the quick, though she tried to hide her hurt beneath gay banter.

"I wonder what men can see in a girl like Arden Stuart," one of the women remarked as the couple danced by.

"It's the South Sea flavor, my dear," her companion laughed sarcastically.

Arden did not hear the remark but she saw the look, was aware of the laugh that accompanied it, and she could feel the hot blood rush to her face. She was glad when the dance was over and Tommy led her out to the porch that ran around the club. She seated herself on the rail and looked out across the golden path of moonlight that still led to an unknown region, she knew not where.

"Isn't it all glorious?" she exclaimed with a little sigh.

The man gazed down into her eyes and in his own there was understanding.

"Arden, you don't have to pretend to me," he told her. She remained silent, her eyes still fastened on the path of gold. "Marry me, Arden," he begged, "and let me take care of you, that is all I ask."

She turned her eyes to him and in their depths was honesty and courage.

"I'd be afraid, always, that Packy might come back."

But Tommy had man's usual confidence in his own power.

"I'll risk that, Arden," he told her. "I'll hold you against everything."

And to the girl his love meant protection, protection against the world—protection against herself. And so they were married and the circle that knew of Arden's affair with Packy Cannon raised questioning eyebrows and wondered at Tommy's ability to forget.

THREE years passed and, in the love of her husband and her golden-haired baby boy, Arden Stuart found a happiness and contentment she never thought would be hers. However, Packy Cannon was still a vivid figure in her memory, the hero of a flaming episode that no stretch of time could wholly erase from her thoughts. She dreaded meeting him again—yet at times she prayed she would. And then one day the baby threw his ball into the corridor of the yacht club and, as she ran forward to retrieve it, she came face to face with Packy. In one brief glance the years between rolled away and they stood gazing at each other, breathlessly, expectantly. Then the patter of baby feet sounded across the floor and a childish treble called:

"Daddy says it's time to go home, Mama."

Packy looked down at the baby, then his questioning eyes fixed themselves on Arden, just as Tommy came up, lifted the baby in his arms and carried him down to the beach again.

"Arden," Packy whispered, "I had to come back to see you. I haven't done a decent piece of work in three years. I'm beaten."

Arden's face was white as she raised it to his with a pleading gesture, then followed her husband. That look still clung to her that night as she dressed for the yacht club dance. Tommy saw it and his heart ached for the suffering of the wife he adored.

"Arden, are you afraid?" he asked gently.

(Continued on page 30)

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

RICHARD SEMLER BARTHELMESS is his full name. He was born in New York City and is of Bavarian descent. His father was in the importing business and his mother—upon his father's death—became an actress on the speaking stage under the name of Caroline Harris. She taught Nazimova how to speak English when that actress first came to America.

Richard Barthelmess was educated at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and is a member of Psi Upsilon fraternity. He was president of The Jesters, the dramatic club, and was often leading man, stage director and general factotum. He also sang in the Glee Club and was senior cheer leader.

His ambition as a boy to become a policeman changed with his college career and he decided he wanted to be a writer. Instead, his mother's friend, Nazimova, offered him his first screen rôle in "War Brides" and launched him on a screen career. He was first starred in "Tol'able David", which he considers his best picture. He believes that "The White Black Sheep" is his worst.

At the present time, Barthelmess is under a long term contract to First National Pictures and has scored a personal success as a "talking" screen star. His first talking picture was "Weary River". At the world premiere in New York, he stole in through the back door to avoid a spectacular entrance through the crowd. He detests personal appearances but is sometimes persuaded to make them for business reasons.

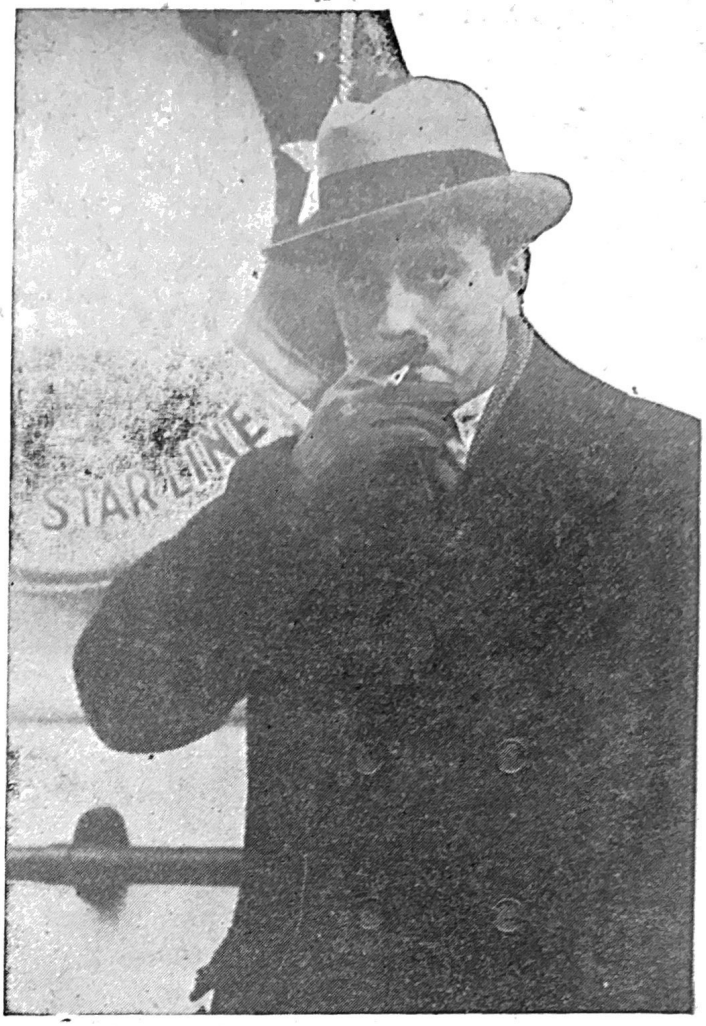
Richard Barthelmess's home is in Beverly Hills, California, but he also maintains an apartment in New York. He belongs to the Masquers, the Lambs Club, Westchester-Biltmore and Westport Beach Club. His Hollywood home is of Italian architecture. He has never owned a Rolls-Royce. His best friends are Ronald Colman and William Powell.

He would rather travel than do anything else. He has been to France, England, Switzerland, Hawaii, Mexico, Bermuda, Cuba and Canada. He prefers New York to any city in the world. The only night clubs he enjoys are in New York and Paris. He grasps every opportunity between pictures to run off to far places. He does not like crowds. He has a slight acquaintance with the French and German languages.

The favorite sports of the film star are tennis and yachting. He owns a forty foot auxiliary schooner named *Pegasus,* which is a symbol on his family crest. He is very fond of football but seldom attends baseball games. He does not play golf and he dislikes plus fours. He swims well, rides well and is an excellent marksman. He likes hunting but dislikes fishing. He indulges considerably in bridge, but never plays poker, black-jack or roulette. He cannot play any musical instrument, but enjoys both classical music and jazz. He likes the radio and opera.

The star's literary tastes run to biographies, history and satire. He wants to do the story of the young Napoleon on the screen. He is a collector of rare books and first editions.

The sartorial tastes of Richard Barthelmess run to quiet colors and conventional styles. He likes to wear an opera hat to formal occasions. He always wears a gold signet ring. He never wears a cap. He has several felt hats that he has worn for years—he hates the idea of breaking in a new felt hat. He never wears fancy or colored shirts.



Dick would rather travel than do anything else.

He dislikes ostentation and prefers a small, intimate group of friends. He does not like to be interviewed. He is reticent and dislikes to talk about himself. He does not like to pose for portraits.

Politically, Barthelmess is a Republican and votes at all national elections. He smokes cigarettes of a popular American brand. He is fond of dogs and owns a Great Dane named Fury.

He prefers young character rôles to straight juvenile heroic parts. He favors tragic, unhappy endings if they are logical. He has the failing of sometimes selecting a story mainly because of a great characterization in it for him. He knows stories but knows acting and characterization better. He cannot work if he is prompted through a scene. He must be handled sympathetically by the director. He has black hair, dark brown eyes, is five feet ten inches tall and weighs 152 pounds.

Some of the star's best remembered pictures are "Broken Blossoms", "Tol'able David," "The Enchanted Cottage," "The Bright Shawl," "Shore Leave," "The Noose," "The Patent Leather Kid" and "Scarlet Seas". His most recent are "Weary River," "Drag," "Young Nowheres" and "Son of the Gods".

"Father must have taken it—and Zelig knew."

A sun-baked island in the Pacific, avarice and greed, the witchery of

Black Magic

the ceaseless tom tom of jungle savages—and in the midst of the crawling hell-hole the pure white blossom of young love.

By ROSEMARY LEE

FAR over the Western rim of the Pacific, lost in the hot blue seas of the South, lies the island of Pango Lallo, a refuge for human driftwood from all parts of the world. There on the porch of the only hotel, overlooking the wave-lashed cliffs, a strange trio daily assembled, on the table before them a bottle of liquor and three glasses that were no sooner filled than they were emptied again. The oldest of the group, Dr. Bradbroke, had not contracted the drink habit in this faraway island. Liquor had been his downfall, the reason for his exile to this place which no white man would ever voluntarily choose as his home. Once a famous surgeon, he had sacrificed the life of a royal patient while under

"He's just blustering, dear," Katherine comforted. "The men wouldn't let him keep us here."

This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the story by Walter Archer Frost and Paul Dickey. Beulah Marie Dix wrote the scenario and George B. Seitz directed, with Josephine Dunn appearing as Katherine Bradbroke, Earl Foxe as Hugh Darrell, John Holland as John Ormsby, Henry B. Walthall as Dr. Bradbroke, Dorothy Jordan as Ann Bradbroke, Fritz Feld as James Fraser, Sheldon Lewis as Meki, Ivan Linow as Zelig and Blue Washington as Unit.

"You win. I'll do what I can."

the influence of drink and had been forced to leave a lucrative practice for this ambitionless existence. But he was not the only one to suffer through his weakness, for his two lovely daughters, Katherine, whose blonde beauty made her an outstanding figure in these strange surroundings, and Ann, a wistful slip of a girl, to whom the older sister was both mother and father, were forced to share his exile. The doctor's companions were younger men in years but fast aging in mind through lack of association with their own race and class. Back home, Hugh Darrell had compromised a young girl and had been publicly flogged. James Fraser had turned coward in a shipwreck and saved his life by disguising himself in woman's clothes—but had forever lost his self-respect. Memories of wasted years haunted the three and the liquor served by Zelig, the hotel proprietor, was their only means of forgetfulness. In their sober moments the same ambition was shared by all three—the hope of going home.

They sat on the porch one sultry afternoon, their eyes fastened on the mail steamer that lay at anchor in the harbor, preparing for the next day's return trip. Finally Hugh Darrell broke the silence that had held them.

"I'd give the soul out of my body to be going home!" he exclaimed.

"So would I," James Fraser put in, "but not—broke."

Zelig who was serving the drinks smiled sarcastically. Hundred of times he had listened to the same conversation.

"Get the doctor to take you, Mr. Fraser," he suggested. "Always he goes on the *next* boat."

Dr. Bradbroke lifted drink-heavy eyes to Zelig's and his lips curved in a contemptuous smile as he pulled out a bill from his pocket to pay for the drinks. The money he had had when he landed on the island three years before was almost gone—and with it all hope of returning home.

AND, while the three men were thus idling away the afternoon, Katherine Bradbroke was wandering aimlessly down among the swamp lands, her Pekingese, Mitzi-Zu, toddling along behind. The girl was unconscious of the road her footsteps were taking, for her thoughts were all with the boat that lay in the harbor. Tomorrow they were going home, leaving forever that hell-hole that was unfit for a white man, doubly so for a white girl. So engrossed was she in her own dreams that she did not realize Mitzi-Zu was not at her heels. Turning around to pick her up as she came to a break in the wooden bridge, she discovered that her pet was nowhere in sight. She whistled for her frantically, then hurried back over the road she had come and down another path that led further into the swamp land until, a few feet ahead, she spied the little bundle of brown fur. Unmindful of any danger that might lurk in that tree-shaded dimness, she ran on. Just as she had grasped the dog in her arms, a huge black creature rose from the mire and stood leering at her. With a cry of terror she fled in the opposite direction—only to be confronted by another dark-skinned giant who stopped her flight with a lowered spear. Terror-stricken, she looked around for another avenue of escape—to discover that she was entirely surrounded by these black creatures of the jungle. Her senses reeled but she held on to one thought—she must not faint. Clasping Mitzi-Zu tighter in her arms, she faced her captors, trying to hide from them the terror that paralyzed her as greedy, clutching fingers stretched out toward her. Then, as if at a signal, the hands dropped suddenly, while startled looks came into the piercing black eyes fixed lustfully upon her, for the keen ears of the jungle savages had caught the sound of approaching footsteps. Sensing something unusual, the girl turned and saw coming down the swamp bridge a tall, sun-bronzed man of her own race, pistol drawn, followed by a retinue of native servants. As magically as they had come, Katherine's would-be assailants disappeared into

John Ormsby confronted the trio and the indignant, accusing girl.

the shadows of the black swamp. The tension over, the girl fell weeping into the arms of her rescuer. In amazement, the young man looked down at the bowed, golden head.

"I can't believe my eyes," he murmured as if to himself. "A white girl in this crawling hell!" The girl raised her head and explained:

"My father, my sister Ann and I live over in the Eastern settlement. I'm Katherine Bradbroke. We've lived here for three years, but we're going home tomorrow."

"My name is John Ormsby," the newcomer introduced himself. "I'm from the other side of the island. Going out on the mail steamer in the morning?" he questioned. She nodded. "Same here," he added joyfully.

MEANWHILE, back in the room which Katherine and Ann shared in Zelig's hotel, the younger sister was busy packing, a happy song on her lips, unaware that from the doorway the burly proprietor was watching her, a sinister look in his crafty, beady eyes. Finally, with a stealthy movement he came into the room and stood by her side. As she turned to get a dress from the closet, he blocked her way, dangling before her eyes a charm-chain which was one of the prized ornaments of the island.

he slipped it over her head. "Now we'll be good eh?"

A frightened look came into the girl's eyes at man's nearness, but she forced a smile to her lips as returned:

"Thank you—but, if you don't mind, I'll go on my packing."

As she turned her back, he put his arms around and drew her to him. With a cry of terror she to free herself but his clasp tightened and his loose, suous lips sought hers. She grew dizzy and seemed closing in about her when a sharp, "Leave alone," sounded from the doorway and the man around to find the older sister standing there, her eyes flashing angrily. An oily smile spread over his as he said suavely:

"Me and Miss Ann been having a visit—nothing get excited about."

The girl pointed a commanding finger at the "Get out of here, you beast!" she flashed.

He turned to her, all pretension of friendliness

"I'm boss on this island," he said. "I do what I I take what I want."

At that moment Unit, John Ormsby's personal who been entrusted with the care of Mitzi· back from the in the

"I didn't think you were in it, Katherine, but I had to know."

"Ain't got nothing else yuh want tamed, is yuh?" he questioned, his dark eyes rolling significantly in Zelig's direction.

Katherine flashed him a grateful smile as she shook her head, but the native remained standing in the doorway, snipping with his knife one of Mitzi-Zu's hairs that had clung to his coat. From the corner of his eye, Zelig watched him apprehensively, for the sharp blade held so carelessly in the native's hand was not a sight to add to his comfort. The sooner he was out of the black man's reach, the safer he would feel, so he turned to go, stopping in the doorway to announce meaningly:

"Mebbe you go tomorrow—mebbe you don't."

But, if he had hoped to get away from Unit's watchful eyes and the sharp knife with which he continued to cut the air, he was mistaken. To the black man's mind the hotel proprietor was a menace. He had frightened the beautiful white girl in whom his master had taken such an interest—and he now stood in his master's place to protect her. He followed Zelig out of the hotel and kept him in sight the rest of the day, for he was determined that he would not again frighten the two young girls back in the hotel room.

And there was no denying that they were frightened, especially little Ann, who remained clinging to her elder sister, sobbing hysterically.

"What did he mean that maybe we wouldn't go tomorrow?" she questioned fearfully.

"He is just blustering, dear," Katherine told her. "The men wouldn't let him keep us here." Then, to divert the hysterical girl's mind, she suggested, "Let's go down to the boat now and get our passage." She crossed to the couch in the corner of the room and from under the mattress took out a small iron bank and laughingly shook it in her sister's ear. "Just hear that money jingle, dear," she smiled. "It means home and freedom." From about her neck she took a little key, inserted it in the lock and shook the bank until the bottom opened and the contents fell into her hands—a shower of round metal disks. The girls gasped and their faces grew deathly white. "The money's gone," Katherine cried. The young girl threw her arms about her.

"When I think how you slaved and starved these terrible three years!" she sobbed.

"Father must have taken it"—Katherine's voice was lifeless—"and Zelig knew."

The two sisters remained clinging to each other, all hope gone, the years stretching ahead, with no possibility of returning to their own people.

OUTSIDE on the porch John Ormsby was making arrangements to stop over at the hotel until sailing time in the morning. As he passed out of hearing, Zelig turned to the trio gathered about the table.

"That bird's walkin' around with a half million dol-

The disappearing outline of Pango Lallo, freedom and happiness!

lars worth of pearls on him," he whispered. "He's got 'em in a bag around his neck."

"If he misses his boat tomorrow, he'd be stuck here for a month," Hugh Darrell remarked as if speaking to himself.

From the grove beyond came the tom tom of the natives as they danced around Meki, the witch doctor, the weird music coming as an appropriate accompaniment to the sinister thoughts of the three men sitting at the table.

"That old devil in the whiskers seems to have them hypnotized," Fraser remarked.

"Hypnotized is right," Darrell agreed. "The natives crawl before Meki and the rest keep clear of him."

Then the three men put their heads together and whispered and, as they did so, the light of hope began to brighten their faces. A few minutes later Dr. Bradbroke rose from the table and entered the sitting-room of his suite. He found Katherine there alone and he knew by the reproachful look in her eyes that she had discovered the theft of the money and realized he had taken it to keep up his daily supply of liquor—but she said nothing.

"I want you to interest Ormsby so that he misses his boat in the morning, Katherine," he told her. The girl shook her head.

"I won't do it," she refused. "He is the first decent, clean man I've met in years."

The father put out a pleading hand .

"It means getting off this island—going home," he told her. "We won't do anything wrong, Katherine."

"Whatever you three are planning is sure to be crooked," she flashed.

Just then from the bedroom beyond came a muffled cry of terror:

"Take your hands away! Katherine! Katherine!" The older sister rushed to the door to clasp the trembling, sobbing Ann in her arms. "I thought—Zelig—he said he took what he wanted. I'm afraid, Katherine, I'm afraid," the girl cried hysterically.

"I am here, dear," Katherine soothed her, "and no one can touch you." She gently put her back in bed again and pulled the netting about her, Then she returned to her father and said calmly, "You win. I'll do what I can."

It was with a heavy hear that she unpacked her prettiest gown late that afternoon, fluffed her golden hair about her face and added the little touches that increase a woman's charm. She was waiting on the porch when Ormsby strolled out of the dining-room. His face brightened at sight of her and he lingered at her side, all eagerness to continue the acquaintance begun earlier in the day.

"You can't hear yourself think with those beastly drums going," he remarked, nodding toward the grove where the natives were gathered about Meki, celebrating their nocturnal rites.

"Let's walk," Katherine suggested. "It's lovely down on the beach."

They strolled across the cliffs to a secluded spot where the beat of the tom toms came to them as a faint, undisturbing echo and sat looking down upon the quiet water, gleaming in the last rays of the setting sun.

"That's our ship," Ormsby said finally, indicating the boat lying in the harbor.

"Yours," the girl returned wistfully. "I'm not going, after all."

"Not going?" he repeated in surprised disappointment.

"We are staying over a boat," she explained quickly. "This is a fascinating place, you know."

His eyes rested on hers in frank admiration.

"It's fascinating with you in it," he told her. "I've a mind to stay over myself."

A look of fear clouded the girl's face. The thing she had set out to do, unconsciously hoping she would fail, had been so easy to accomplish! A slight shudder passed over her.

"You're cold," Ormsby said solicitously as he removed his coat and wrapped it about her shoulders. With a little laugh she tried to share it with him but the coat would not reach.

"I should have been twins," he smiled.

"You suit me as you are," she said gently.

Her face was wistful and dangerously near. He put his arms about her and drew her close. For a long moment he looked into her eyes, then, tilting her chin, pressed a kiss on her upturned lips. Then, with a look of sudden contrition, he released her and rose to his feet.

"Katherine, forgive me. I couldn't help it—you're so sweet and dear."

"There is nothing to forgive," she returned gently. "Just forget—that kiss. And there is something I want you to do for me. I can't explain, but you're in danger. Go aboard the steamer tonight and stay there—and remember always that I warned you in time."

With that she was gone, skimmnig along the cliff like a golden shadow.

ALL was bustle about the hotel the next morning as the mail steamer made final preparations for sailing. Katherine stood alone near the porch, looking wistfully on as she had done many times in the past three years. When the boat cleared the harbor, her last hope of returning home would go with it. But she was glad, glad that she had saved John Ormsby at even that sacrifice. But, brave as she was, tears dimmed her eyes as the steamer pulled off and gradually became a tiny speck in the distance. With a hopeless little gesture, she started back to the hotel—and was confronted by the man she thought was sailing away from the unknown danger that threatened him. There was a sob in her voice as she questioned fearfully:

"Why, oh, why didn't you go?"

"Because I wanted to see you again," he answered simply.

And then, as on the night before, the ceaseless beat of the tom toms came to their ears and they both turned impatient eyes to the grove just a few yards beyond where the blacks were starting their weird dance.

"One of the natives died last night," Bradbroke explained as the trio joined them on the porch.

"They say that debbel doctor took one look and turned that cullud gentleman into a corpse," Unit who was standing idly by explained.

"I'm not easily frightened, but that fellow's got something supernatural about him," Hugh Darrell added.

"You're crazy, Darrell," Fraser remonstrated. "Meki is just a common quack—nothing more."He turned quickly to find that the witch-doctor had crept stealthily to his side and was leering into his face. "I'll teach you to sneak up on me!" Fraser threatened. "Get out, you blasted monkey!"

(Continued on page 22)

"How old are you, Miss Bow?" inquired an inquisitive extra.
"The answer is still, 'Yeah'," Clara returned.

That's That

By RUTH RAND

NO matter how much *It* and pep one has, one can't keep birthdays from coming around. Even Clara Bow has 'em. There was quite a celebration on the set of "The Saturday Night Kid" recently as soon as it became known that the star had added another year. Gifts came floating into the studio as if Santa Claus had to work in the summer time.

"Is it your birthday, Miss Bow?" an extra queried.

"Yeah," said Clara.

"How old are you?" inquired the inquisitive young miss.

"The answer is still 'Yeah'," returned the *It* girl.

* * *

M. G. M.'s "Hollywood Revue", Conrad Nagel proves that silent actors are "there" with the voice when occasion demands it. Conrad sings to Anita Page in this production and all we can say is that we wish he'd had a couple more songs. His singing voice is so pleasing that we are looking forward to hearing it again. Conrad, by the way, is to be Greta Garbo's leading man in her new picture as yet unnamed. Maurice Costello, matinee idol of the old Vitagraph days and father of Dolores and Helene, will have an important rôle. The older fans will recall the immense popularity of the head of the Costello family when the Talmadge sisters and Anita Stewart were starting to carve their way to fame.

* * *

visitor to Honolulu isn't there very long before he discovers one thing—that golden girl, Laura La is the idol of the island. Laura went there on her wedding trip and, whenever she can run away for a little vacation, she returns. Her visits are an event in the island and the natives think nothing of postponing some important celebration until her arrival that she may lend the graciousness of her presence. And, every time we speak of Lanra La Plante these days, we think of the lovely characterization of *Magnolia* in "Show Boat". If you haven't seen her, you will have a treat in store for you.

* * *

CAN you imagine Lupe Velez running a huge Hollywood establishment? It's hard to picture her shut up in a tiny apartment, too, isn't it? Really it seems she should have the great open spaces for her home and the sky for a roof—if she needs any. Be that as it may, the little Mexican star has just invested $75,000 in a Beverly Hills mansion. The house is a block long, so we guess that won't cramp the style of even litte Lupe. No, we understand she's not Mrs. Gary—yet. Perhaps the wise little Lupe realizes that it may not add to her popularity to become a married lady. Sometimes it does—more often it doesn't. Who can tell and why?

* * *

EVEN actresses must eat, slender or otherwise, and not all of them are on the eighteen-day diet, judging from the large amount of meats, fish, eggs and other hearty foodstuffs that are required to supply the tables at First National Studios in Burbank, Calif.

(*Continued on page* 31)

The Madonna of Avenue A

Moonlight on the water, a stolen kiss—these changed the life-story of Maria Morton.

By MARK CANFIELD

(Maria Morton, a student at the Harbor Crest Academy, a fashionable boarding school for girls, was looking forward eagerly to the summer vacation, for this year her mother had given her reason to believe she could spend it with her instead of being left alone in the deserted school while all her young companions were either at home with their families or accompanying them to some summer resort. But, again, Maria was disappointed, for at the commencement exercises, which Mrs. Morton attended in company with a distinguished-looking man whom Maria saw in the audience but who was not with her mother when she came forward to meet her at their close, announced that she would have to postpone the vacation for still another year, for at present she was too busy with her welfare work to have her daughter with her. Besides, she had not promised positively, had merely said, "Perhaps." Maria stemmed the words of reproach that rose to her lips but she could not hide her disappointment at the prospect of three months by herself at the deserted school.

And it was when Maria was feeling particularly lonely that on the beach one day she noticed two men watching her, a tall young chap, bronzed by the sun, in the uniform of a ship's officer, and a heavier, coarser man. She could not hear the argument as to whose turn it was to make the acquaintance of the girl, could not see the flipping of the coin, but disliking to be alone with the two strangers, she rose hastily and, drawing her beach coat over her bathing suit, started back to the school. She grew apprehensive as she heard footsteps behind her, then a jeering remark about her figure in the voice of what she believed to be the older man, then the sound of a scuffle, the angry demand:

"What do you mean by talkin' that way about a lady?"

In her innocence of the world, Maria had no suspicion that it was all a ruse to make her acquaintance and, though she knew it was decidedly against the rule of the school, permitted the young man, who told her he was an officer on a government ship, to accompany her back along the beach "to protect her from the rough guys around", as he put it. However, when he asked her to steal out from the school that night so that he might take her through his boat, she had no intention of further breaking the rules. But a full moon was shining up in the sky and Maria was thoroughly tired of her own company. Besides, Slim Shayne, as he had introduced himself, at the same time failing to inform her that the officer's uniform was borrowed, had an engaging smile and the admiration that had shone in his eyes had been respectful. Something stronger than her fear of school regulations led her to steal from her room, out through the garden and down the beach to where Slim was sprawled at ease, strumming a guitar and humming a soft love song. And the boat—well, it wasn't exactly what Maria had pictured a government boat would be, but then she admitted she didn't know much about such things. Slim was such good company, the shawl he gave her, saying that he had bought it because he knew that he would meet her some day, was so beautiful, the liquor he insisted upon her drinking somehow made her feel so happy, Slim's singing and playing answered her crying need of life and gaiety so adequately—altogether Maria was enjoying a freedom she had often dreamed about. But, when Slim with the cork of the champagne bottle popped out the electric light, leaving the room in total darkness, then clasped her in his arms, she became thoroughly frightened and pleaded with him to let her go. Instead, he silenced her cries with a long, burning kiss. She felt herself relaxing in his arms when a pistol shot from outside caused him to release her and spring through the door leading out on the deck. There, unheeding the federal officer's command, "Hands up," he jumped from the boat and, in spite of a shot in the arm, began to swim for shore. Maria, now thoroughly frightened, looked around for some means of escape and finally decided on the port-hole. When, by means of a chain hanging outside, she had let herself down what seemed to her twenty or thirty feet, she saw in a launch below two men with arms outstretched to catch her. As a pair of hands touched her wrist, she fainted.)

* * *

WHEN she came to and saw their badges, she answered their questions truthfully. One of them, a fat, good-natured man, was considerate in his questioning and appeared to believe her statements. It was at his suggestion that she was taken back by two of the raiders to the Harbor Crest Academy. Miss Farwell had been preparing for bed when one of the chaperones, who had been working late in the office, called her downstairs.

"Is this girl a pupil at your school?" the fat man asked, pointing to Maria, who sat in a chair against the wall, her head buried in her hands.

"She is. She's Maria Morton. What has she been doing?" Miss Farwell's prim voice took on a note of harshness. "Is she under arrest?"

"Oh, no. She was found trying to escape from a rum-runner lying in the harbor when we raided it tonight."

"On a rum-runner!" There was no mistaking the shocked incredulity his words raised in the principal of the Academy.

"Yes. She said she had gone aboard at the suggestion of a young officer who had protected her from the insults of a sailor on the beach. It must have been the man who jumped overboard, for no one else but the watchman was found on the boat. Me and my friends here were

This is an adaptation of Warner Brothers' screen presentation of the story by Mark Canfield. Ray Doyle wrote the scenario and Michael Curtiz directed, with Dolores Costello appearing as Maria, Grant Withers as Slim, Douglas Gerrard as the Archduke, Louise Dresser as Georgia Morton, Otto Hoffman as Monk and Lee Moran as Gus.

"No telegram, please. It would kill mother."

waiting in the launch to nab any men who might try to escape, when this young lady let herself down by a chain right into our arms. That was the way of it, ma'am, as far as I could find out from her. Her answers seemed truthful enough. She said she was a student here. That's all we wanted to find out."

Maria had felt, rather than seen, the principal's shocked and withering glance upon herself.

"It's the most scandalous thing I ever heard of!" she exclaimed angrily. "If it gets into the newspapers, it will ruin the school!"

"Oh, there's no need of its getting into the newspapers," said the kindly official. "You have to keep a pretty tight rein on the young ladies at your school. I can understand that, as I have a daughter about her age. They resent too much restraint. The way I look at it, it's only human nature for girls to want to break away from rules occasionally."

"Her mother will be notified to take her away at once," said Miss Farwell, her voice cold with anger.

Still sobbing, the disconsolate girl looked up at the principal's words.

"Please, oh, please, do not do that, Miss Farwell! Please let me go to her and tell her myself."

The thin, compressed lips of Miss Farwell did not soften at her plea. She spoke to the chaperone:

"Miss Martin, please take Miss Morton to her room. I'll attend to notifying her mother."

Maria arose as Miss Martin took her arm. She stopped by the principal.

"No telegram, please. It would kill mother!"

"You should have thought of her before you did a thing so scandalous. You have disgraced us and our school."

The fat agent got up to leave. He spoke very confidentially to Miss Farwell:

"If I was you, ma'am, I'd try to figure out some way of smoothing the whole thing over. Me and my partner won't say anything about it."

After a grateful glance at the man, Maria raised imploring eyes to Miss Farwell.

"The discipline of the school must be maintained," replied the woman. "We can't overlook such an infraction."

"There ain't any badness in the girl," continued the federal agent. "She's young and she was a bit foolish, but she's home safe and she's probably learned her lesson."

Miss Farwell barely listened to the man's words; she did not reply to them. He beckoned to his partner and together they left the principal's office. The chaperone took Maria's arm and led her to the dormitory and up to her own room.

The girl was no longer crying. She sat down dispiritedly on her bed. Miss Martin came and put her arms about Maria's shoulders.

"I'm sorry, Miss Morton. I can't understand what-

ever made you do such a thoughtless thing."

"Please help me, Miss Martin."

"You'll have to go. Miss Farwell would lose the confidence of the wealthy women who send their daughters here if she permitted you to stay and it ever came out."

"It isn't that. It's mother. Please don't let Miss Farwell send her a telegram. Ask her to let me tell her myself."

Miss Martin patted Maria's shoulder.

"I'll do what I can, but don't expect anything to come of it."

"Thank you."

After the chaperone had left, Maria went to the dresser and picked up the silver-framed photograph of her mother and looked long at the sweet mouth and the gentle eyes—eyes and mouth which she knew could be stern enough on occasion.

"Will she ever forgive me?" was the thought that coursed through the girl's mind. "Does she remember her own thoughtless youth enough to forgive?"

She stumbled to her bed and threw herself full-length upon it. The Javanese shawl, which had brought so much joy to her beauty-loving soul, lay crumpled on the floor, forgotten. Her dress was half off, her arms and shoulders bare. She had been too much upset to think about her appearance during the painful interview with Miss Farwell.

She wondered about Slim Shayne—if he would have spared her had not the federal aids raided the boat at just the moment they did. She ought to hate him—and yet that last kiss, when she had gone limp in his arms. It had been terrifying sweet. And Slim was so strong and big and handsome! She wondered what she would now be feeling if his burning kiss had not been interrupted.

MRS. Georgia Morton sat in her room in New York a day and half later, rouging her lips by the aid of a mirror-bottomed tray which stood on the table. In the room with her were two men—the "Archduke," so-called from his thin, aristocratic face, and a heavier set man with a scar across one cheek. The Archduke was the distinguished-looking man who had accompanied her to the closing exercises of the Harbor Crest Academy, but most of his distinction had departed with his fine clothes. His suit was shabby and his face marked with dissipation.

The two men sipped highballs while Mrs .Morton finished rouging her lips and put mascara on her eye-lashes. Her hair was drawn back tightly over her head, giving an odd cast to her features. It was the woman of the photograph on Maria's dresser, yet the face was coarser, the eyes harder. The gaudy finery in which she was clad was in high contrast to the sober, fashionable dress she had worn at the Academy.

As she finished her make-up and took a puff from the half-burned cigarette lying on the edge of the tray, the Archduke poured her a drink from the whiskey bottle, mixing it with carbonated water.

"Maria's a fine-looking girl," he said. "What are you going to do with her? You can't leave her at the Academy much longer."

"Give up this life and take her away with me," Georgia Morton answered promptly.

"Go to the country and live a quiet peaceful life with the cows and the mosquitoes, I suppose," he chaffed. "Give up smoking and drinking as an example to her."

"Well, why not?" Mrs. Morton questioned sharply. "Isn't she worth it?"

"Worth it, yes, but I don't exactly see you as a model mother, sitting quietly at home all evening, darning stockings and stroking the cat."

Mrs. Morton laughed, and there was something harsh in the sound.

"It hasn't occurred to you I suppose that I might prefer that to spending the evening trying to entertain a drunken man who hasn't sense enough left to go home?"

"He's only kidding you, Georgia," observed the heavy-set man, his eyes half-shut with sleepiness.

A rap at her door caused them all to look up.

"Come in," called Mrs. Morton, and there entered the room a little wizened man who looked so much like an aged monkey that he was known as "Monkey" Price.

"It's only Monkey," said the Archduke, without a word for him. The newcomer went at once to Mrs. Morton who vouchsafed him a quick smile.

"A letter for you, Mrs. Morton. It may have been up at the store a day or two. I was away for the week-end."

It was addressed in Maria's writing and Mrs. Morton's smile changed into a very warm and human look of pleasure as she tucked the letter into the front of her dress.

Monkey Price stood waiting expectantly, and she drew a bill from her purse and gave it to him. A look of greed passed over his countenance and, as she turned away with a careless nod, he touched her shoulder.

"Can't you make it more than that? I've locked up my store and come all the way over here to deliver the letter to you."

"Nothing doing, Monk. Five dollars a letter is plenty."

Monk's face was distorted with anger. He stood looking at the woman for a moment, and then slunk out of the room with a backward glare of contempt. He almost bumped into three men in the dimly lighted hallway. One of them proved to be Slim Shayne, with one arm in a sling. The two sea-faring men with him carried packages of bottles. They gave Monk a sullen nod and passed into Mrs. Morton's room.

The Archduke and the man with the scar hailed Slim with delight, while Mrs. Morton sprang to her feet in alarm as she saw his crippled arm.

"Slim! Are you hurt?" she asked solicitously. "How did it happen?"

"The Sea Gull got raided. Most of the men got pinched on shore."

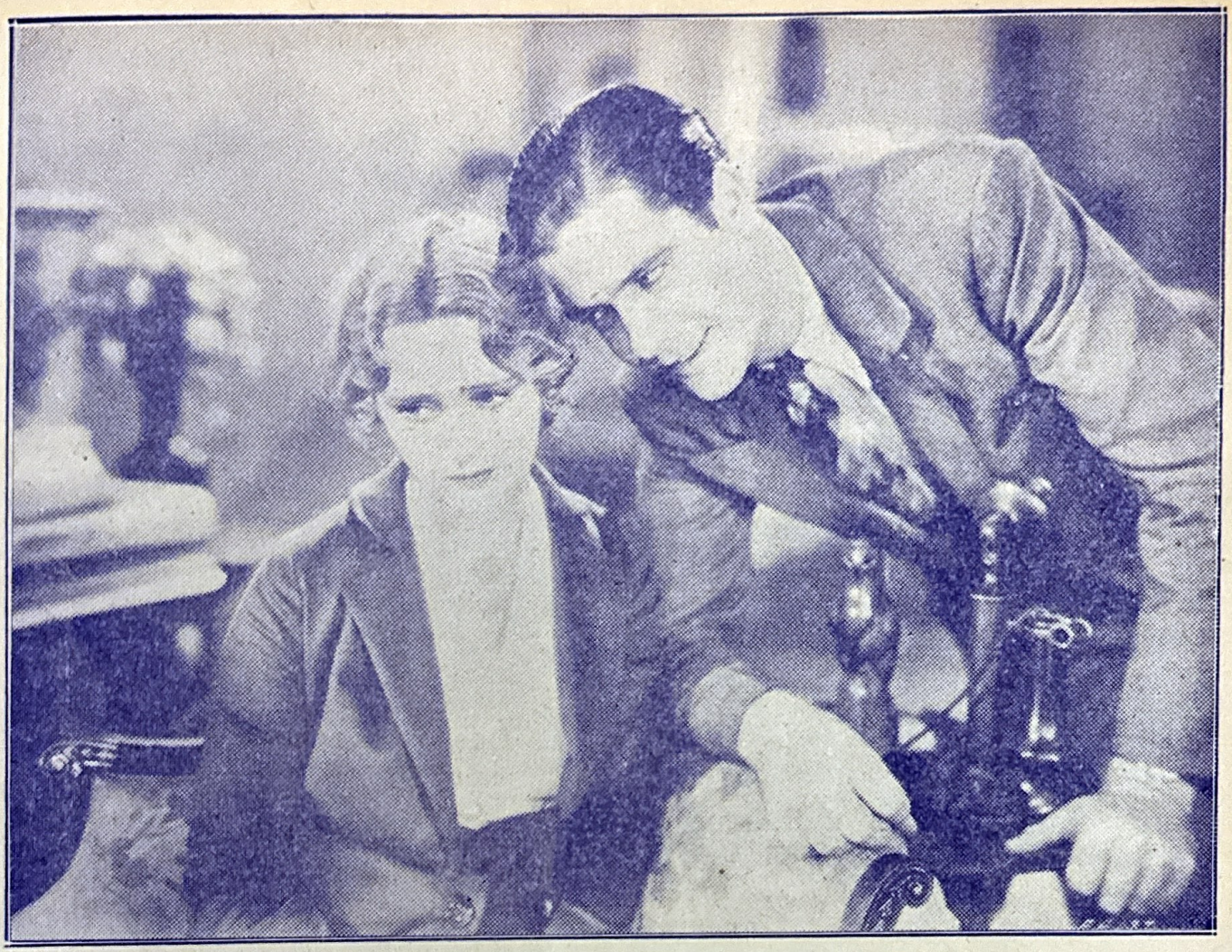
Mrs. Morton took command, quietly but with an authority that was instantly obeyed. She sent Slim's companions, who were putting their packages on the floor, out for water and bandages.

"Tell me all about it," said Mrs. Morton. "Where did it happen?"

"Off the Jersey coast. There was no one aboard but me and the watchman. I heard a shot and, when I opened the companionway door, I almost bumped into a raider. He fired when I made a dash for the rail instead of sticking up my mitts. He got me all right, in the arm."

"Help me off with his coat, Duke," Mrs. Morton commanded.

"Careful now, damn it!" cried Slim as the Archduke



"I like you, anyway, like you plenty—even if you did lie to me."

began slipping the sleeve from his arm. "It's sorer than a boil."

Mrs. Morton rolled up his shirt sleeve and removed the clumsy bandages from his wound. It was not deep, but had grazed the bone and was red and swollen. The men returned with a basin of water and some strips of cloth which the Archduke took from them. When the hurt had been bathed and dressed, Slim felt in a much better humor.

"Open up a bottle, Duke. We might as well drink it up. It's all that's left of the Sea Gull's cargo. For a minute I thought I heard Gabriel's horn blowing."

Then, leaning confidentially close to the Archduke, he muttered in a worried voice, "The only thing I'm worried about is a girl I had on the ship."

"A girl, did you say?" Mrs. Morton asked sharply, turning from the glasses she had been filling.

"No," said Slim. "I didn't say anything about a girl. We had trouble enough without any girls."

"Something must be the matter with your ears, Georgia," the Archduke observed, with a sly wink at Slim. "He was telling us how he made his escape."

"A rum-runner's no place for a girl," said Mrs. Morton, giving Slim a glass of champagne, "no matter what sort she is."

"Of course not," Slim agreed. "Well, drink up, boys. Happy days!"

MARIA Morton was walking up Park Avenue, looking for the number to which she had always addressed her letters to her mother. She carried a handbag, and was bewildered by the traffic. She had not been in New York for years and then only to pass through, with her mother to guide her. The blaze of lights from passing taxicabs confused her. No. 973 was on the other side of the street. There was no officer guiding traffic and she hesitated for ten minutes before getting up courage to dart through the traffic.

Half a block farther up the street she found the number she sought. But it was not an apartment house. It was a well-lighted bird-store! Perplexed, the girl searched in her purse for a letter from her mother. The number was right. Much puzzled, she pushed open the door and entered the store to be greeted by the barking of puppies, the chatter of two monkeys and the squawking of a parrot.

"Who let you in, lady?" a raucous voice asked.

Maria could see no one and was bewildered until she realized that it was the parrot that had addressed her.

Monkey Price entered from the rear room, quieting the animals.

"Something I can do for you, Miss?" he asked with the ingratiating smile of a shop-keeper intent upon making a sale.

"I am looking for my mother," Maria said, hesitantly. "This is the address I have but—"

"What is the name?" Monk asked, his smile quite vanished.

"Mrs. Georgia Morton."

The shop-keeper gave a start at the name and examined the girl covertly. She was uneasy at his prolonged silence.

Monk smiled faintly at first, grinned and ended in a guffaw that amazed Maria. His loud laughter awoke the menagerie of animals into a bedlam of screeches, barks and twitterings. With a snarl, Monk sprang to the pen where the puppies were kept and cuffed several of them. He screamed at the monkeys and the parrot in a rage of vile temper. When quiet had been restored, he quickly changed his snarl into a smile of friendliness.

"Mrs. Georgia Morton is your mother? Sure, I know her, but she doesn't live here. She only gets her mail here."

"Doesn't live here?" Maria cried, more bewildered than ever.

Monk chuckled before he replied:

"She never did live here. You'll find her down on Avenue A. I'll write down the number for you. Just a minute while I get some paper."

"She never told me she lived on Avenue A," Maria commented, as Monk wrote down the street number. "I don't even know how to get there."

Monk stopped writing and scratched his head, thinking In a moment he brightened.

"Why, then I'd better take you there, Miss"

"I coudn't let you go to all that bother," Maria protested.

"Not a bit of bother!" observed Monk, the crafty look in his eyes belying the friendly smile on his lips. "In fact, I'll be glad to take you to her. Just let me get my coat an' hat an' we'll start. It's time to close anyway." He started to the rear of the store, calling back to her, "I'm pleased to do you a favor—especially when I can do your mother a favor at the same time."

Maria was puzzled by his words and his manner, but, as she did not know how to reach her mother, she waited for him to appear. They exchanged scarcely a word in the taxi. The man was grinning to himself whenever Maria stole a glance at him. She was apprehensive as they drove through the street lined with shabby, old buildings. Surely her mother could not live in such a grimy section of the great city!

The taxi-driver drew up before the entrance to a flashy cafe, with some potted palms, gray with dust, standing in front of the building, under the flashing lights of the sign: "Café Georgia".

"Here we are, Miss," Monk said cheerfully, jumping out of the taxi with her handbag. "Right in there, Miss. You'll find her. My, but won't she be surprised to see you!"

Jazz music could be heard inside the café. The musty odor of badly cooked food, a sourish, sickish smell assailed her nostrils. She hesitated to alight.

"Are you sure—" she began, mystified, doubting.

"Your mother's in there, O. K.," the weazened little man assured her. "I ought to know. I've brought her mail here often enough, a letter from you, just a day or two ago, if you're Maria Morton of the Harbor Crest Academy."

Half convinced by his knowledge of her name and the school she had been attending, Maria got out of the taxi and took the handbag he held out to her.

"Then take me to her, please."

"Can't do that, Miss. I've got to get back uptown. I can't spend all my time doin' favors for other folks."

His grin of secret, malicious pleasure disconcerted Maria so that she barely thanked him for guiding her to the place. She watched the grinning man amble up the sidewalk, then turned to the café. Gathering her courage, she opened the door and stepped quickly inside. A blare of jazz from a negro orchestra at the far end of the room made her halt abruptly. Girls in shabby finery were dancing with rough-looking men or were seated at tables drinking with them. Clouds of cigarette smoke floated about the lamps on the tables and about the wall lights.

There was something repulsive in the whole atmosphere of the place—in the faces of the bold, hard-living men and the shrewd-eyed women, the screaming blare of the orchestra, the shuffling of feet on the dance-floor, the odor of food and drink.

Her eyes scanned the faces of the women in the café, seeking one face that she knew. She saw curious stares dircted at her by the waiters and several of the patrons. She did not find the face she sought and advanced slowly into the room.

As she neared the rear of the café, a figure that seemed familiar, at a table not a dozen feet away, caught her attntion. It might almost have been her mother, except that this woman was heavily made up and dressed in gaudy finery and was smoking a cigarette. The woman was talking with a scar-faced man who sat at the table. He seemed to have been drinking too much. The orchestra reached a *pianissimo* passage and above the music she heard the woman's shrill laugh at a remark made to her. She sat down at the table and toyed with a glass the man shoved over to her.

A fresh-looking waiter, who had been watching Maria curiously, now advanced to her, indicating a vacant table. She waved him impatiently aside. The woman flicked the ashes from her cigarette with a practised hand and took up the glass to drink. It never touched her lips, for at that moment she became aware of the girl so intently watching her. Her arm seemed paralyzed, half way to her mouth; her lips twitched. She failed to respond to a remark from her companion and he followed her gaze with drink-crazed eyes.

The amazement on Maria's face gave way to certainty. She realized with a pang of loneliness that this painted creature at the table, with the suspended glass of liquor, was her mother. In the horror of the certainty, she was upon the impulse to turn and flee, but the orchestra crashed into a *forte* passage and the woman arose and started toward her. She stopped, terror in her eyes, and the glass she held fell from her fingers and was shattered on the floor. Her hand shook as she drew nearer to the spell-bound girl. Maria was as if hypnotized, unable to advance or to flee.

As the jazz music blared to its crashing finale, the woman reached Maria's side, her hands moving as if to hide her gaudy clothes, her eyes filled with shame at having been found out by the daughter she had sought to protect from all knowledge of her occupation.

She did not speak. Maria touched her arm and whis-

(Continued on page 20)

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All— And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

Veteran Fan: We're glad to see that you remain true to your old loves—of course, we mean old in experience —no matter how the public fancy changes. Charles Ray, about whom you inquire so solicitously, hasn't "given up the idea of pictures". He is still working hard to regain his former place on the screen but in a rather unique way. His ambition is to appear in a musical play that will later be made into a "singie" for the screen. To this end, Charlie is concentrating on voice culture and is in New York studying with Alfredo Martino. We take off our hats to Charlie. Having risen to stardom and then having lost everything in making "on his own" a picture which the public did not seem to want, Charlie did not sit around and rail at Fate but tried to prepare himself to give that lady a good hard battle. And we feel sure he's going to win. We passed him right in front of the Palace Theatre Building on Broadway the other day and we wanted to stop him to tell him just what our opinions are on the subject. However, the only time we ever met him was when he was a star of the very first water and we were just a tiny little scribe and —well, being naturally very timid, we just kept right on going. And that's that!

* * *

C. O.: The dark lady who tried to "do our Clara dirt" in "Dangerous Curves" is Kay Francis who vamped everything in sight in "Gentlemen of the Press". You're forgiven. Since Paramount doesn't have programs any more, I can't scold you for not keeping them. Why don't they? Well, I don't know. Maybe it has something to do with the shrinkage in the new paper money.

* * *

Faithful Rita: No, Virginia Valli whose work you enjoy so much—and rightly—hasn't retired from the screen. From Tiffany-Stahl comes the announcement that that firm has signed Virginia to co-star with Leo Carrillo in "Mister Antonio", the stage play by Booth Tarkington made famous by the late Otis Skinner. I, too, am one of those who wish that Virginia would grace the screen more frequently by her presence. Of course, she's good but, in pictures as in life, so much depends upon getting the right break at the right time.

* * *

Curious: Yes, it is true that your favorite blonde, Mary Nolan, has been made a star. Her first production under the new arrangement will be "The Shanghai Lady."

* * *

Gretchen: Emil Jannings is at present making a picture in Berlin for a German concern. I scarcely think you will have an opportunity to see it here unless some one devises a method of changing German into English as the voice comes from the screen. It is interesting to note that so accustomed had Jannings become to the American method of working during his sojourn with us that he recently sent an S. O. S. to Hollywood for Josef von Sternberg to hie himself across the water to hold the megaphone for the star's first all-talkie.

Unbelieving. Of course, Nancy Carrol does her own singing. How can you doubt it?

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L. T.: Certainly you are going to have an opportunity to see Charlie King again. "The Broadway Melody" was by no means his last appearance on the screen. He has one of the leading parts in "The Hollywood Revue" which has just opened on Broadway. Bessie Love, you'll be glad to hear, is also a featured player in this production which, we'll all say, leaves nothing to be desired.

* * *

L. T. M.: Renee Adoree was born in Lille, France, and started her career with her parents in a circus. She became a famous dancer, escaped to America from Belgium during the German invasion and scored in pictures. Her successes include the rôle of *Melisande* in "The Big Parade", "The Cossacks," "The Show," "Forbidden Hours" and many others..

* * *

Ken Fan: "Songs of the Saddle" will be your favorite's next production. In it Ken will sing several cowboy ballads to guitar accompaniment. This news ought to do your heart good.

* * *

Tessie: Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and first won fame on the stage in New York. His first screen rôle was in "Sporting Youth" and among others are those in "Blarney", "Yolanda," "Below the Surface" and "Kindred of the Dust".

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Wants-to-Know: No, there are no "white people with black make-up" in "Hallelujah". They're all the real thing. We agree with you that Nina Mae Mc. Kinney is a "knock-out". The name of the leading character whose singing so intrigued you is Daniel D. Haynes.

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Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON NINETY-TWO (Reviewed)

You Remember, Don't You?

YOU'LL all remember, I'm sure, how often I have stressed the building of a plot as being like the building of a house. And you know, too, how fond I am of bolstering up any opinion I express by quotations which seem to back me up in what I have said. Here's one on the subject of film play production which does this very thing and which, I think, will interest those of you who are writing plots. I think I'll start at the beginning, though that does not directly concern your part in the game, but perhaps it will interest you just the same.

Mr. Ray Rockett, one of First National's youngest producrs, said the other day:

"You hear a great deal about cameramen, directors, art directors, stars, comedy constructors on the set, expert this and expert that, but, to my way of thinking, while all these things are vital and necessary, the big thing in the making of pictures is the proper preparation of the story or scenario.

"You frequently hear of directors who 'direct from the cuff', that is, they have a partial script or story and build it up as they go along with the filming. Many of these men do turn out excellent pictures, but it is only by rare good fortune that they do.

"Can you imagine a big construction company starting to erect a New York skyscraper without plans to go by? Imagine starting to build a structure like the Woolworth Building with only the plan for the ground floor. Why, it would be ridiculous."

And now we come to the part that I know will interest you mightily:

"There are marked similarities between the construction of a building and the construction of a motion picture. If you do not have the script built up carefully and completely, you stand a poor chance of getting a complete picture that will be worth anything. There cannot be too much preparation. Every scene and sequence of the story should be worked out thoroughly and gone over again and again to make certain that it is right and that the action is natural and logical, that there is proper motivation or reason for the action.

"Comedy should not be injected as one injects serum for the prevention of disease. It should be built into the story in a reasonable and logical way. To sit by the set and say, 'Here is a good place to insert a gag,' and then think up something of a slapstick nature to bring a laugh is ridiculous, to my way of figuring.

"Build for that laugh in the construction of your story. Make the audience look for the laugh and expect it. Then give it to them. To do this, you must have plenty of preparation. You must have the plans of that picture carefully drawn."

And I think the foregoing applies equally well to the writing of the initial synopsis for submission to any company, don't you? And, although the remainder of what Mr. Rockett says applies rather to production than to the writing of scripts, maybe that will interest you, too:

"Not only does thorough preparation make for a better picture but it helps to keep down the cost of production. If you know every set you are going to use and every prop that will be needed, you can have all arranged ahead of time and there will be no lost time for the actors. If you do not do this, you will find yourself up against trouble all the time.

"Preparation is two-thirds of the battle. Preparation is the keynote of good picture-making. It is the most vital and necessary thing in the production end of the picture business."

And I'll venture to add that it won't hurt a bit in other branches of the business, at that.

And, while I am about it, I may as well tell you this director's brother, Ray Rockett, thinks that the trend in picture-making is toward simple stories.

"What the motion picture public wants today is sweet, simple stories of every-day life, stories that are of the people and that fit thousands of those who go to the theatres to watch them unfold on the screen.

"Drama, as popularly thought of," he goes on to say, "is fast being relegated to the scrap heap and 'stories' are taking its place.

"In the theatre this so-called 'drama' has long been on the wane. Today, we would hoot off the stage some of the actors of some years ago if they appeared before us with the pomposity and bombastic speaking tones and lines of those days. We want naturalness and simple stories. It is the same on the screen. It is growing daily and the next few years will see a tremendous change in the type of story being screened. The change is in full swing now."

But don't let all this mislead you about "dramatic action". This will always be wanted in a story, no matter how simple. It is, perhaps, against "theatricalism" that Mr. Rockett would warn you.

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Our sales department sold an unknown author's first story for the above amount. We revise, copyright and market stories for both silent and talking pictures. Located in the heart of the motion picture industry, we know the demand. Established 1917. Free booklet.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
211 Western & Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, California

Gotham Gleannings

By LOUIS WESLYN

"THE GREENE MURDER CASE"
(A Paramount Production, Reviewed at the Paramount Theatre)

Whenever Van Dine writes a mystery tale,
You'll see it appear as a film, without fail,
For well do the folks out in Hollywood know
A yarn by Van Dine makes an excellent show.

And now comes his latest—"The Greene Murder Case"—
Which moves on the screen at a wonderful pace,
'Tis played by a truly remarkable cast
And filled with excitement, with thrills thick and fast.

Your friend, William Powell, again you will see
As clever detective, as smart as can be,
Who tackles the puzzle in manner blasé,
And works it all out in his scientific way.

'Twould spoil all your pleasure, I'm sure—would it not?—
If I were to tell you the intricate plot,
Go see it yourself, and I'm sure you will say:
"By George, it's a corking fine cinema play!"

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"
(A Paramount Production, Reviewed at the Paramount Theatre)

Here's a farce that's quite beguiling,
  Good for any movie crowd;
You are sure to keep on smiling,
  Often you will laugh out loud.

'Tis the story of a chappy
  Who, to win a bet he makes,
Tells the truth, becomes unhappy,
  As all lying he forsakes.

Tells the truth while four-and-twenty
  Hours go slowly round the clock;
Does he meet with trouble? Plenty!
  Also gives his friends a shock.

Tells the truth and sticks right to it,
  While with anguish he's beset,
No one thought that he could do it,
But the chappy wins his bet.

It might serve to spoil your pleasure
  If I told the story now;
'Tis diversion with full measure;
  Go to see it—it's a wow!

Richard Dix enacts the chappy,
  Mighty well he plays the part,
Makes the comedy so snappy,
  That you'll like it from the start.

But the player you'll remember
  Is the little night-club jane;
From this time till next December
  You'll recall young Helen Kane.

She is really very funny,
  She possesses lots of "it",
Baby-like as any bunny,
  In this picture she's *the* hit.

Fun from the Flickers

By SONNY SMILES

"Listen—me and Homer was raised together. Why, we fought side by side for eleven years through grammar school."

"And twelve years through high school."

(Educational.)

* * *

"Have a drink? Pre-war."

"Which war?"

"The next one."

("Light Fingers," Columbia.)

* * *

"We just come down to see if you'd marry us."

"These eleven children yours?"

"That's right—and we thought it was time to make it permanent."

("Hallelujah!" M-G-M.)

"They'd have graduated in July if the school house hadn't burned down."

* * *

"Where's Justice Brown? We want to get married in the worst way."

(Educational.)

* * *

"Well, looks like prohibition's here to stick."

"Well, prohibition's better'n no likker at all."

(Educational.)

* * *

"My daughter will now present the new driver's badge."

"He drive? He couldn't drive a nail in with a sponge—no matter how he soaked it."

(Educational.)

BLACK MAGIC

(*Continued from page 12*)

"Monkey! Monkey!" Meki repeated menacingly. "I'll make monkey of you!"

He bent over and gazed fixedly into the small man's eyes, seeming not to breathe, every muscle taut. Gradually Fraser began to wilt, all will-power seeming to leave him. Then, to the astonishment of the spectators, he began to jump up and down like an ape, scratching himself, leering stupidly, following submissively every gesture made by the dark-skinned chief. Bradbroke and Darrell looked on wonderingly but made no move to save their friend. Then Ormsby, with a contemptuous glance at the two white men, strode angrily forward and grasped Meki roughly by the arm.

"Stop him, you devil!" he commanded. "Stop him at once."

The witch-doctor turned as if he had met a stronger will than his own and raised his queer little club back and forth over Fraser's head. The man stopped his monkey-like antics and sank to the ground, a limp heap. Ormsby put his strong arms about him and raised him to his feet. Gradually Fraser's eyes opened and looked questioningly into the face that was bent above him.

"He hypnotized you," Ormsby explained, "put you through a monkey act."

Fraser gazed around at the group of grinning natives who were still relishing the exhibition they had just witnessed and an angry glint darkened his eyes. Springing to his feet, he grasped a whip that was lying nearby and brought it down upon the shoulders of the witch-doctor.

"Don't do that," Ormsby cried, wresting the whip from his hands. A menacing leer came over Meki's face as he glanced down at his assailant.

"You die for that—soon," he threatened. Then his eyes roved to the other white men grouped about him. "You die next." He pointed at Bradbroke. "Then you." He nodded at Darrell. "You die last of all," he told Ormsby.

The trio seemed to grow white under his predictions, for Fraser's recent exhibition had not been a pleasant sight. It was the latter who broke the spell that seemed to hold them.

"Cheer up!" he cried, and there was a suggestion of hysteria in his voice. "I got to die first—and I got to have a drink before that."

As he ran up the steps to the hotel and through the door, the sun was suddenly hidden from view and heavy black clouds threw the whole island into the gloom of night. Then rain began to fall in swirling sheets and flashes of lightning rent the sky and dashed against the cliffs. In the hotel room, Fraser raised an unsteady hand and poured a drink. Then a cry of terror broke from his throat and he staggered back into a chair. There Bradbroke and Darrell and Ormsby found him a few minutes later. The doctor called his name, then turned to the others with a startled gesture.

"He's—dead," he announced.

A cry of terror came from the white lips of Hugh Darrell, as Meki's prediction flashed across his mind.

"Steady, old man," Bradbroke tried to calm him. "He always had a weak heart. This is just a coincidence."

But Darrell seemed to gain no comfort from his words and the hand that took the glass of liquor Bradbroke held out to him trembled.

"What are you worrying about?" the older man questioned. "You can't die till I do—and I'm still here."

"Yeah?" Darrell returned. "That's just what Fraser said."

With a contemptuous glance Bradbroke passed him and went to his room.

"We can break the spell if we get off the island," Darrell said to Ormsby who had remained a silent witness to the strange proceedings. "Let's take Zelig's schooner before Bradbroke gets his."

The echo of his words had scarcely died from the room when a shriek of terror came from the doctor's quarters and they dashed through the door to find the older man with a club in his hand, striking wildly at something that moved beneath the cover of his bed.

"A black maba snake," he cried, "and it got me." He grasped his wrist and doubled up in pain. "Meki said I was next. There is nothing I can do for it—but I can end the torture."

With the cry of a madman he dashed through the door and out through the blinding rain, down toward the cliffs. Then with a wild shriek he disappeared from view. When Darrell and Ormsby reached the spot they had last seen the doctor, there was nothing but storm-whipped waves dashing against the rocks, then disappearing in swirling whirlpools.

"It's narrowing down, Ormsby," Darrell commented. "I'm next, then you—and I am going my own way."

Before Ormsby realized his intention, he had fled in the direction of the swamp land. In a flash the other followed. On the edge of the mire Meki rose, leering before them. With an unearthly shriek, Darrell fired his pistol. Shot followed shot with sure aim but the black man remained unharmed, a diabolical grin his only answer to the repeated volley of bullets. This new evidence of the witch-doctor's supernatural power seemed completely to unbalance Darrell. Jumping behind a tree, he pointed the pistol at his forehead and fired. When Ormsby cleared the distance to the tree, he saw nothing but bubbles on the surface of the greenish slime.

ORMSBY had lived among the jungle people too long to fear any of the spells that held the natives in awe, but no human being could be unaffected by the strange happenings of the past hour. Some force was at work to cause the death of the three white men in that brief space of time. What it was he did not know. He was still speculating on the mystery when at a turn of the road he came upon Zelig and Meki, standing beneath a tree, engaged in a friendly conversation. Unseen by the two, he stealthily crept around the side in time to hear the witch-doctor exclaim:

"All dead now, Zelig," and Zelig's reply:

"You good fellow, Meki. We makem fine good joke, eh?"

Back at the hotel he found Katherine and Ann clinging to each other, tears streaming down their pale faces. As he crossed the threshold, Katherine raised questioning eyes to his while her pale lips whispered the question:

"Is it true—about father?"

He nodded in silent sympathy and the girl covered her face while sobs rocked her body. As he stood watching her, trying to utter a comforting word but failing, the proprietor came into the room.

"You're a good scout, Zelig, and you've got a boat.

Take us off this island." The man looked at him as if discrediting his own hearing.

"In this blow? Am I a fool? Not much!"

"Think again," Ormsby said. "I'll give you a third of my pearls." Zelig still shook his .head. "Half the pearls."

Still the man remained obdurate.

"All the pearls or nothing," he bargained.

"I won't give you all of them," Ormsby returned determinedly.

"I get 'em anyway," Zelig sneered. "Before you die —or after—makes no difference to me."

Katherin stepped forward and laid a pleading hand on his arm.

"Oh, don't you see your only chance is to give them to him now?"

Ormsby looked down into her eyes, wide with fear, and he knew that the pearls that represented his entire fortune, years of torture in that hell-hole, were a small price to pay to save her from this agony of horror.

"All right, then," he consented, untying the bag from his neck and giving it to Zelig. Katherine laid a grateful hand on his arm.

"Hurry, go down to the boat and wait for us there," she urged. "I'll bring Ann."

She hastened back to their quarters to pack a few of her belongings. A minute later she heard a stir in the room beyond and crept to the door. She suppressed a startled cry as she saw her father, Fraser and Darrell grouped around a table as Zelig triumphantly opened the bag he held and released a shower of gleaming pink and white balls. The eyes of the three men fastened on them greedily just as the girl stepped into th room. Her father turned to her shamefacedly as she fixed him with a scornful, reproachful glance.

"Just a little joke, my dear," he explained unsteadily. "A few feigned falls, some blank cartridges—Meki's showmanship—and nobody hurt."

"We wanted his pearls," Darrell added. "Being gentlemen, we couldn't very well *steal* them."

"So we scared him into handing them over," Fraser completed the explanation. "You'll admit Meki put up a good show."

Even the drink-hardened men quailed beneath the contempt in her clear young voice.

"Gentlemen you call yourselves!" she flashed. "Liars, thieves and crooks all of you—even my father!" She stopped abruptly in her denunciation as a sudden thought flashed through her mind. "He'll think I'm in it, too—he's bound to—and I love him. If you have one grain of decency left, give them back to him."

Her searching eyes rested on each in turn, but she found no relenting in their faces. At that moment the door was pushed open and Ormsby entered, gun drawn. He faced the men contemptuously, then a smile of tolerant amusement lighted his eyes.

"You certainly had me going, too," he announced, "until I listened in on a pow-wow between Zelig and Meki. I didn't think you were in it, Katherine, but I had to know," he told her gently.

Then he stepped to the table and started to gather up the gleaming pink and white balls. As he did so, Fraser's hand crept cautiously out and palmed a half dozen gems. From the corner of his eye, Ormsby watched him, then with an amused smile he said:

"Help yourself, Fraser. They're phoney. The real ones are here." He tapped a bag that was tucked securely inside his shirt. Katherine's quick eye intercepted a look that passed from Zelig to the three men and she crossed hurriedly to Ormsby's side.

"You mustn't stay here any longer," she pleaded. "Make Zelig take you away in his boat."

"The sooner the better for me," he assented, "but I'll not stir a step without you, sweetheart."

She stepped into the circle of his protecting arm, called to Ann to join them, and the three started from the hotel, Zelig in advance, covered by Ormsby's gun. But Darrell had no intention of seeing this vast fortune, the only possibility of leaving the island, walk calmly away under his eyes. Grasping a gun that lay on the side of the porch, he aimed it at the trio. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, Bradbroke dashed forward and threw himself in front of his daughters—taking the shot that would have meant the death of one of the young people.

The loss of their father cast the shadow of grief over the day to which the sisters had looked forward so eagerly for three years but in the man who stood between them on the deck as they watched the disappearing outline of Pango Lallo they knew they had found a protector and friend.

HELPING HEARTS CLUB

(Continued from page 2)

where, as I am fond of letter writing. Hoping you can find room in your column for this appeal and thanking you in advance,

Eric of Nova Scotia.

Here's another patient soul that has waited many a weary month—waited and hoped—so, pals, give this nice big Canadian lad a great stack of letters.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have just recently become acquainted with your Helping Hearts Club and think it is very fine. I, too, am looking for some one who would care to write to me, a lonely student nurse here in Buffalo. Of course, Buffalo is not my home town and so the reason for being lonely. Isn't there anyone out here who will please write to me? I enjoy good books, dancing and out-door sports of all kinds. As to a description—I am a blonde, 18 years old who is looking forward to a few stray letters from some other lonely lass or laddie.

Marie of New York.

It seems to me that our pals who are away from home need the hand of friendship more than any other members of our club. Perhaps you who have never been away from home don't realize this—but your Big Chief Pal does.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I would like very much to be a member of Helping Hearts Club. I would like to hear from a well educated Jewish young man of good character and family between the ages of 23 and 26—rather tall.

I'm nineteen, auburn hair, brown eyes, very fair, weigh about 105 lbs., and am 5 ft. 2 in. tall. Hoping to hear from some one of above description as I've lots of interesting things to write about.

Marie M of St. Louis.

I am sure you must have interesting things to write about, Marie. Nineteen always has.

Dear Mrs. Lee:

Do you think I will find a few pals in your department? It need not necessarily be a few because I will cheerfully answer any mail I receive in the quest for pals. I am twenty-three years old, have dark brown hair and eyes, am 5 ft. 7 inches tall and weigh 114 lbs. I love good movies, reading, baseball. Here's hoping I can find a few boy and girl pals in your department.

Mildred R. of Cleveland.

Cleveland seems to be catching up to Chicago in the number of pen pals. Watch out, Chicago!

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I wonder if you have room in your large family for one more girl. If so, I would love to join. I am seventeen years old and have blue eyes and brown wavy hair. I would like to hear from any of your family who are inclined to like nature, as I am fond of outdoors. I prefer some one who also has a liking for the outdoors. I will be glad to answer letters from boys or girls and also exchange snapshots. Hoping to be admitted into your family,

Peg of Penna.

Sure, we have room for one more girl—especially one by the name of Peg.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

I would very much like to have a pen pal like Ivan of the Navy. I, too, have plenty of time to write letters and will answer all letters he writes. I guess sailors are lonesome when they are away from home and in strange ports.

I would like to write to some one. I'm 5 ft. 3, eyes of gray-blue or bluish-gray—whichever you please—and am 22 years old. I have no boy friends and can devote my time to writing to Ivan of the Navy. I would like to see the world through his eyes.

Margaret D. of St. Louis.

Yes, I guess sailors do get lonely, Margaret. It must be a comfort to have letters waiting in every port.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I should like very much indeed to belong to the club. Is there just a little place that I can squeeze into? I should like to hear from anyone and I'll try to answer letters promptly and I'll also do my best to make them interesting. I would especially like to hear from both boys and girls from Arizona, Nevada, Tennessee and from any other states that would care to write me.

I am eighteen years of age, blue-gray eyes, five feet tall, weigh 115 pounds, light complexion and a blonde.

I do hope that all those who read my letter will take pity on me and crowd Uncle Sam's mail box so full that they will have to bring my mail in a car.

Please don't keep me waiting too long.

Kitty of Maine.

I'm sure, Kitty, you'll soon get your wish—that is, if you'll send me your complete name and address.

* * *

Rosemary Lee:

You and your pen pals must have magic in your letters! When my sister brought home M. P. S. for the first time, I thought, "Heck, just another cheap magazine!" Two days later when I was all out of books and too tired to listen to the radio, I noticed your M. P. S. on my (imagine *my*) bookcase. Well, I condescended to look it over, 'cause I had nothing else to do. I opened it and there I saw "H. H. C. conducted by Rosemary Lee." "What a beautiful name," I thought, "proudly glaring at me!" And, before I had read five of your pen pals' letters, I was the most humble "creetchur", wishing to give anything to be able to take back what I had said and thought. And, Rosemary, if there's anything I can do to make you forgive me, tell me and I will do my ding ding best to fulfill your wish.

Now, let's get down to business. I am sixteen, five feet seven, 125 pounds, and the most lonesome fellow in the world—and that isn't because of my looks either; it's because I'm bashful. Please don't think me egotistical. I am a citizen, have been in America only nine years and am a sixth termer in high school. I guess I've taken up enough room for one who thought so little of this dandy club. And I want man, woman, boy, girl, grandmother, grandfather and everybody else to write to me because I know I have something to ask and tell each and every one.

I just know that a woman like you hasn't the heart to let me go unforgiven, so I am expressing my gratitude before hand. A million thanks, from

Anthony of Brooklyn.

P. S.—I'll confess, Rosemary, I'd like especially to hear from a French girl my age, because I've taken two years of French at high and because I've always had a peculiar feeling that I'd love to meet some French person.

Well, Anthony, I love your frankness. There's one thing you can do to be absolutely forgiven and that is to promise me you'll never judge a book by its cover or a man—or woman—by his—or her—clothes as long as you live. By doing either one of these things you're going to miss some of the finest experiences in life. Not that we wouldn't like to have a spiffy cover, too. But, if we had, the chances are we couldn't come within the reach of the thousands of young folks who know us—and love us. And, Anthony, perhaps it will interest you to know that some of our family started to read us sixteen years ago and now their youngsters are subscribing for us. That's a record, isn't it? Anyway, you're forgiven.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Is there room for one more in your Helping Hearts Club? Today I bought my first copy of M. P. S. and found your pages to be one of the interesting features in it.

Although I have many friends and am not particularly lonesome, I would like as many pen pals of either sex as would care to write. I am always happy when receiving or answering letters.

I am a brunette with wavy bobbed hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and am interested in sports of all kinds and especially dancing. I have just completed my first year of college and have found it to be one of the happiest experiences of my life.

However, I always like to make new friends. So come one, come all, big or small, and write to

Betty of the Pine Tree State.

What a beautiful hand you write, Betty. It is really Helping Hearts Club but your "Happy Hearts" is so lovely that I almost wish I had thought of it in the beginning. Of course, you're going to enjoy every precious second of your college life. And, remember, Betty, for

every hour you spend there you owe a great debt to the world for that privilege, a debt in service and helpfulness. And here's one of your chances to begin to repay it to our club lads and lasses who are not so fortunate as you and who have to go out into the business world and hustle, not only to support themselves but also to help to support others. But they're brave little souls and they're going to win out, too, bless 'em!

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

When you print this letter I will be boarding the train for Happiness and when I get some letters I will have arrived at my destination. I want my stay to be forever, too.

Really I want to hear from a lot of the pen pals—all of them if they will. I'd just love to have them as friends. I'll watch the mail man bring loads of letters to

Eve of the World's Play Ground.

Eve's home is in Atlantic City, folks, where every hour seems one glorious holiday. I know she'll tell you all about it when you write to her.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

May I, too, peek in and say "Hello" to the members of the Helping Hearts Club? I do hope I am not turned out.

I am seventeen years of age, five feet four inches in height, with bright blue eyes and blonde hair. I am very lonely as I have lost the best two pals in the world.

I kept company with two pals when one day one of the pals declared, "Two is company and three is a crowd." Of course, I didn't want to hurt the feelings of either by choosing one of them, so I decided to leave my pals.

We each took our paths and here am I, a lonely girl, seeking a pen pal. I wish Missouri Lad would like to correspond with me or J. M. of Buffalo, N. Y. Their letters were fascinating.

Tessie of Detroit, Mich.

Don't you own a last name, Tessie? If so, what and how? I asked Mystic Myra about it and she couldn't tell me. So you see you know more about some things than the smart Miss Merton. I'm sorry you lost your pals but then neither pal was the right life-pal or you would have had no trouble in deciding between them.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

While visiting one of my many friends the other evening, I happened to spy this book, *Moving Picture Stories,* and I glanced through it. She said she had finished it and, if I wanted to, I could borrow it. Nothing pleased me better, so I grabbed the chance by the ear. While looking through it I ran into your Helping Hearts Club. Maybe you think I wasn't glad to see it and how! Whoopee!! Because I sure do love to write letters.

I am particularly interested in Daniel of the Signal Corps, Bob of Boston and Operator No. 79—Plee-az, also Walt of Salisbury, Md. If these and also others will write to me, I assure them a long letter. I will gladly exchange photograhps, that is if others are willing to do the same.

Well, I'd better describe myself. I am told I look like Greta Garbo, am 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weigh 130 lbs., have brown hair and blue eyes and am 18 year sold. I sure do get lonesome as I am a cashier and sometimes it is so "dead" that I would enjoy writing a couple of letters—but, alas, I have no one to write to, so, Rosemary, please do your bit and tell those that I mentioned, also others, to write. Will sign off now, hoping to hear from everyone.

Lonesome Girl of Syracuse.

How nice it must be to look like Greta Garbo! I must admit that young lady fascinates me mightily. Whatever it is that makes her what she is must be a great thing to have. When you're sending photographs to the pals, you might also send one to Rosemary Lee. And, by the way, what is your name and where do you live?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

As you see, I have enclosed several letters to other members of your chummy little club and ask you to dispatch the same. And I would like to belong, if I am eligible. Just what are the requirements? I am a book lover, interested in the talkies, literarily inclined and musical. Do you think I have any show with your line of members? I can wallow in a serious book with the same gusto that I can run off a jazz number on the piano. And correspondence is one of my weaknesses. Do you think anyone would care to write to me? I am 25—a little older than most of the members—blonde and hefty.

Thanks so much for the favor of mailing the enclosed and tell me the dues to belong or just what it requires to become one of your favored number. Most cordially,

Jack from the East.

Our requirements are very simple and, I think, universal. They are a desire to form fine clean friendships and the willingness to extend the helping hand to others. Our lads and lassies are from all parts of the country, so, you see, the club really offers an opportunuity to travel and see the world by mail. Of course, we have several very young pals but the membership ranges from "sixteen to sixty", so your ripe old age of twenty-five will be no handicap.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

May I join your club? I would love to hear from girls and boys of my own age.

I'm twenty-five, weigh 106 lbs, 5 foot 3 and love all sorts of amusements.

I sincerely hope I shall have lots of pen pals.

Lou of Cleveland.

You certainly may join, Lou, and I am sure you are going to have many pen pals.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

I'm awfully lonesome. I have been reading the many interesting letters of your Helping Hearts Club for sometime. I have enjoyed them, every one. I would like to join your large family and become one of you.

I am twenty-one years of age, five feet eight inches tall, have dark curly hair and dark brown eyes. I love all sports and, oh, boy, I sure love to dance! I am considered very good-looking, at least, I have been told so, but I'm not vain.

I shall be glad to exchange photos with any pen pals that you give me.

As it happens I am a writer and a dreamer and would like to hear from any others that belong to your club who write or would like to write. Now I'm just a weary nomad striving to paint futuristic skies with ultra-modern ideas. Please write, one and all of you.

I'd like very much to hear from the little girl from New Jersey, Betty of Flatbush or Dreamy Blue Eyes.

I am thanking you now, Msr. Lee, and hoping you will find me a lot of pen pals in a hurry.

Yours sincerely,
Miles of Louisiana.

Life must be indeed interesting for you, Miles, painting and writing. Those "futuristic skies with ultra-modern ideas" intrigue me. But, when all is said and done, do they really resemble skies or "Blonde Ascending an Escalator"?

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

I have one pal and that is Helping Hearts Club and a true pal, indeed. I get quite lonesome because I stay at home and help my mother. I have a few friends but I don't consider them pals. I go to a movie about three times a week. I am what you call a movie fan. My nationality is Polish and American. I am seventeen years old, black hair and hazel eyes. I weigh 141 pounds. I have a sister older than I (now married) and she used to read your magazine and I wondered what she learned from it. It wasn't long before I found out. I wish I had some pen pals.

Syl. of Milwaukee.

Well, there must be some home girls in the world, Syl. But, then, I suppose you don't get the opportunity to meet young people your own age that your business sisters do. I'm sure, my dear, that the club is going to fill this need in your life.

* * *

Miss Lee:

I am a young man in my early twenties and learning to be a baker. I would like to be one of the pals of your club. I like all kinds of sports, music and traveling and would like to correspond with your club. I shall appreciate it very much if you will help me. I would like to correspond with Polish girls mainly and, of course, with everybody else, too.

Joseph of Albany.

A baker, Joseph! Now be sure to be a good one. Perhaps some day we'll be reading about the Joseph Shops, Inc., and I'll say, "Joseph? Oh, yes, he's one of my boys." There are several Polish girls in the club and I know you'll hear from some of them.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I am writing to ask if you will accept me as one of the members in your friendly club.

I am nineteen years of age and am a stenographer in a collection agency. My work is interesting and I enjoy it immensely. I enjoy dancing which I participate in quite frequently.

At the present time there is no one I can really call my friend, so naturally, I get lonesome at times.

I am at Pen Mar, Md., for one week, but will be in Baltimore by the 17th of this month, so I suppose it would be best for you to forward all letters to my address in Baltimore.

I would be very happy to receive letters from other members of this club and I hope you will all like me. People tell me I am very easy to get along with as I am always ready for a good time.

Well, I'll close now, hoping to hear from a number of you soon.

Lola of Baltimore.

You're accepted, Lola. Baltimore's membership in the club is growing rapidly. You know it is my ambition to have local branches in the various cities so my boys and girls can really get together and have the pleasant times which they so richly deserve. Well, we'll talk about that further when we're a little bit older. We haven't had our first birthday yet but we certainly are a healthy youngster.

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

If you are a real person, please don't get angry at what I'm going to write.

But I've been reading all those letters that the pen pals write and I can't believe they're really true. Still, if there are such things as pen pals, then I'd like to hear from as many as care to write. Boys and girls and everybody, because I really am very lonely.

Please, may I join your club? I am a girl, twenty-two years old. I have brown wavy hair, gray eyes, and am only 5 ft. 1 in.

Gee, if all your letters are imaginary, I'll be so disappointed!

Vera of New Jersey.

Imaginary, Vera! Oh, my dear! Just picture to yourself, if you can, Rosemary Lee's desk just stacked high with letters that would fill every inch of a *Saturday Evening Post* and then picture Big Chief Pal's feelings because she has no *Saturday Evening Post* to put them in. Not only are the letters real, but our girls and boys are, too. You'll find this out when they begin to write to you.

* * *

Dear Pal:

You will not mind my calling you Pal, will you? It is much less formal than Mrs. Lee would be, and it is hard to be formal with some one you are sure you are going to like immensely, isn't it?

Well, here goes the fire works—hold your heads!

Perhaps they won't like me, Rosemary, after I describe myself. First, I am eighteen years old; second, I am tall and plump, not fat, and third, I am a lover of all sports, especially dancing and golf. I must also add that I love to read; in fact, I read everything I can find to read. Oh, yes, I have black, slightly curly hair and black eyes which I have been told make me very attractive.

Come! I want every boy and girl, lady and gentleman in all the world to write to me. You will find me exceptionally jolly and a person who loves to help those less fortunate than I am.

Don't disappoint me, boys and girls, will you? I sure would like to write about my adventures as a stenographer to all of you.

You will always find me just simple

Peppy Toots.

Of course, the pals will like you, Peppy. I see no reason why they shouldn't and every reason why they should. But, if they all write to you, you'll have no more "adventures as a stenographer". You'll be so busy answering letters that you'll have to give up working during business hours.

Dear Rosemary:

I bought your magazine for the first time yesterday. I was attracted to your club column. Won't you please let me join the pals?

I am nineteen years old, five foot six inches tall, with light brown hair and grayish-blue eyes.

I am interested in all clean sports.

Won't some of the pals please write me a nice letter. I promise I'll answer all letters.

Kathryn of Struthers.

I'm glad that you've become acquainted with our little magazine, Kathryn. I hope you'll continue to like us. Like many of our pals, we're going to celebrate our seventeenth birthday in a few months. That's some record for a little fella like us, isn't it?

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

I wonder if you can find a place for another lonely girl in your club. I've often wondered if departments similar to yours really existed—not that I mean to be pessimistic but there are a lot that aren't really. I just bought *Moving Picture Stories* for the first time and am not going to miss a single copy as I find it very much to my taste, especially this department which I have discussed today. I think maybe I might also have a few (I say a few because I don't want to be disappointed) pen pals. I promise to answer every letter that I get. I'm five feet six and a half inches tall and am inclined to be stout. I have raven black locks and blue-black eyes and a very big sense of humor. I play the piano, sing, dance, and am very fond of all sorts of sports. I work in a delicatessen store and work to very late hours at night which deprives me of going out with many friends—I'm writing this at exactly sixteen minutes to twelve p. m.—as most of them aren't allowed to go out this late. I'm a book worm of the worst type and I read till the wee hours of the morning. I'm also very fond of writing letters and receiving them, so come on, you industrious pen pals, and make the mailman bring something else besides bills for the boss. Gosh, I was going to write only a few lines and see what a book I've written already and I could write more but I must stop and remember that I'm just a new member and have plenty of time to write some more some other time. I wonder if you'll please print my letter as I never had any of mine printed yet and want to know how it looks.

Lonesome Peggy of the Windy City.

* * *

Well, Peggy, and how does it look? I'd say O. K. Bookworms are never the "worst type", unless, of course, they read the worst sort of things and I'm sure you don't. How do I know? Because you're reading little M. P. S.. As you see, you've addressed your letter correctly. This isn't the only department that's real but, you see, letters come in in such droves that sometimes they don't all find their way into print. I had a department in a daily paper once and the editor gave me just two columns—not a line over. How I used to lie awake nights, trying to devise a way to stretch those columns! Life's just one grand sweet song when you love your work so that you can't get enough of it to do. And, Peggy, I hope that cut you mention in your post script is all healed up by this time. I think you did wonders with your left hand. Secret! It's much better than I could do but, then, typing is not one of my accomplishments—I just type "at" it.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I become one of your jolly pen pals? I'd like to know some lads and lassies between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one years old far and near, pals who like to read and are dreamers. How about it, pals, will I hear from you?

I should like to hear from Sonny Boy from Newton, Jane of Cleveland, Ohio, and Aviator of Newark. Do you think, Rosemary, they will write?

Being a newcomer, I haven't heard about Jean or Little Fella. Will you tell me about them, Rosemary?

I am seventeen, five feet six inches tall, have blue eyes and blonde hair. I am liked by all because of my sunny smile and cheerful word to all. But, Rosemary, I'm awfully lonely. You know the new song, "Big City Blues"? Well, I guess I'm in the same boat.

I sure want a real pen pal and I promise to be a real pal in return. Some one hear my plea. Write—everyone.

Luck to your wonderful club, Rosemary! I'm sure it brings joy to many lonely hearts.

More luck in finding me a pal.

Jeanne of Denver.

Jean is the dear Little Chief Pal who forwards letters and helps the Big Chief in general. She's away from the office just at present and I certainly do miss her. Little Fella is the office cat who sniffs at the pals' letters and scrambles them all up—if little Jean isn't watching. I heard "Big City Blues" for the first time the other evening. But that's a thing of the past for you. Wait and see!

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have read only one issue of your magazine, but that is enough to tell me that I'll keep on reading it as long as it exists. However, let's get down to business. I am not lonely, for anyone who is a good sportsman will have loads of friends, but I have very few pen pals, so I am turning to you for aid. You have helped many others to secure friends, and I'm sure you'll not fail me. Will you? I am sixteen, five foot two inches tall, have dark brown hair, blue eyes and I'm not at all hard on the eyes. I would like to hear from Max of Bayonne, Lonesome Boy from Kansas, but will welcome one and all, anywhere, any time. Well, I guess I am an awful blabber, but women are all the same (I'm told). Start writing everybody—and address all letters to me. I'm not greedy, just hungry.

Tomboy of Sydney, C. B.

We love to hear from pals from Canada and distant parts and we know that fine old appetite of yours is going to be satisfied—and that very soon.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

I wonder if I, also, may join the Helping Hearts Club. I would like to correspond with some nice girls. Here's a description of myself: 5 feet, 6 inches, 135 pounds, black hair, brown eyes, 25 years of age.

Hoping to hear from someone, I am,

John from Maryland.

John, don't overlook the instructions at the beginning of this week's column. You know why.

MADONNA OF AVENUE A

(*Continued from page* 18)

pered, "Mother!" The music stopped, and the chatter of voices was loud in the sudden silence.

"Mother, what does this mean?"

Her eyes searched about as though seeking some secluded corner where they would be neither seen nor heard. She gestured to Maria to follow her and made for the stairs at the rear of the café. Many pairs of curious eyes watched the progress of the two women—the daughter still dazed at her discovery of what her mother was, the mother overcome with the collapse of her world, all her years of effort to conceal her life and her occupation from the daughter she had tried to shield gone for nothing.

At the head of the stairs, Georgia Morton turned into her living room and snapped on the light. She closed the door after Maria and sank into a chair, as crumpled in body as she was in mind. She buried her face in her arms, wracked by the shattering of her dream. Maria, unable to endure longer the horror of their silence, spoke:

"So this is your life—the welfare work you do."

If her words were bitter and unfeeling, she did not realize it. It was simply that she must know, must have some foundation upon which to base a judgment of her mother.

It was a judgment—that dread moment when a child finds that a loved parent has feet of clay and constitutes itself judge and jury at the very moment when it is most unfit to be either.

"Yes, this is my life," her mother said brokenly. "I tried to keep it from you. I didn't want you ever to know this phase of existence. I was in it. I had to do something. I hoped to get out of it before you finished school." She did not raise her head.

"Then all these years—?"

"It has been my life," the wretched mother replied.

"But how could you? With so many things a girl can do, why did you—choose to do this?"

"It was not choice," Georgia Morton said bitterly. "It was fate. So many things that a woman does depend upon a man—"

"A man!" Maria interrupted.

"Yes. He was your father."

IN THE silence that fell between them, Maria was aware of the ticking of a small clock on the table. It seemed to her unsteadied nerves that it ticked with abominable slowness—a minute between each tick.

"What—— How——" Maria could not frame the question that hovered on her lips.

"I was warned," said her mother, her voice flat and lifeless. She looked up at her daughter but quickly lowered her eyes. "It made no difference—the warnings. Nothing mattered—after he kissed me and said he loved me. I forgot everything else. One kiss and nothing else mattered."

One kiss! A kiss such as Slim Shayne had given her on board his ships? Maria felt near to trembling.

"And he was my father?" she asked, after the silence had become oppressive.

Mrs. Morton nodded, her throat and lips dry. It is so hard to confess everything, to a daughter, grown up and no longer to be deceived, who stands over one like a judge. When words issued from the elder woman's lips, it was with difficulty that she enunciated them.

"Don't think too harshly of him, Maria. He's dead."

"Dead?" she repeated lifelessly. "Dead, without—"

"Without?" Georgia Morton looked up at her daughter.

"He never married you?" Her eyes, wide and staring, never left her mother's face, searching out each telltale quiver of grief and sorrow. A mere shake of the head was her answer. "That stain, too!" said Maria, the flatness of her voice breaking in tragic bitterness.

"He was already married." Her mother's words seemed to come from a distance, aloof from her own distress.

"Didn't you know?"

"After I knew, I didn't care. It must have been born in me to be a fool, Maria. There was a wild streak that I couldn't control. One kiss and I'm what I am."

Suddenly Maria found tears in her eyes. One kiss! Yes, she could understand that. One kiss from Slim and she had relaxed in his arms. He could have done anything with her—if the pistol shot hadn't come at just the instant it did.

She did not speak again, and after a time her mother raised her head and gazed at her with dull eyes. She shrugged her shoulders resignedly.

"Well, it's all ended, Maria. You have found me out. I thought I could keep on fooling you until I had enough money saved so I could get away from all this—this life—and take you with me—be really a mother to you." Maria's fingers twined nervously, but she did not speak. She held her distance from her mother and the latter burst into self-accusing speech. "You've found me out—discovered that I am only a liar, a pretender, that my Park Avenue home is only Avenue A, that I live on the excitement of running a joint, with a gambler for a business partner. I'm everything that a mother shouldn't be, Maria, but at least part of what I have done has been for you. I wanted you to have a good education, to associate with girls who have a better chance than I had. I was not altogether selfish." She slipped from the chair to her knees, fondling Maria's hand against her cheek. Brokenly, she continued, "I planned that you should never know. Some day I was to go to you, leaving all this behind forever. I planned that we would go away together." A sob choked her utterance. She looked up at her daughter, whose passive hand was pressed between her own palms, and found her gazing over her head into space. A note of hysteria crept into the woman's voice. "But every day it's been tomorrow—tomorrow. How often I've come up here after a night down there and prayed for a tomorrow. You'll never know—"

Her voice wavered into hysterical sobbing and she kissed the hand of her daughter, wetting it with her tears. Then she felt her daughter's other hand caressing her head. At that touch of compassion, the floodgates of her tears were unleashed, and she wept anew, getting her arms about Maria's waist, pressing her face against the girl's side.

"I know, Mother. I know all that you have done has been for me," Maria soothed her mother, a quaver in her voice. For the first time she looked down at the kneeling woman, and her heart was touched with pity. She pressed her mother's face tight against her and spoke in low tones, almost as if to herself. "For the first time I know myself. I know now why I've always felt like

—a prisoner, why I have longed to get away, to find life. It's in my blood too, Mother."

Georgia Morton was confused and terrified. Words stumbled haltingly from her lips.

"I—I—Maria! You—you can't—"

New terror invaded the maternal breast at Maria's words. She reached imploring hands up to the girl's shoulders and raised her face, all smudged with tears and powder and rouge.

"No, no! Maria! That's what I've tried to protect you from! You must care! You must cling to the conventions, do nothing that would shock the mothers of the girls at your school!"

Maria lowered her gaze to her mother's face. A sad smile twisted her lips as she spoke slowly.

"I have to tell you Mother—that is—I must explain why I am not at school—why I am here. I—"

"No! Maria! You mustn't talk like that! I won't listen! We will go away!" She arose quickly, a new eagerness, a definite hope in her breast. "We will go away tomorrow!"

"Will flight cure one of being a fool—if one is a fool?" Maria asked.

"We will find a new life!" Georgia Morton cried, excitedly, eagerly, dabbing at her eyes to wipe away the streaks of mascara. Hastily, she got a mirror and set about rouging her lips. "I will go down now and tell them I am through—through forever with this life. In the future I will live only for you." She hurried to the door and adjusted the snap-lock so it would click as she closed the door. "We will go away tomorrow!"

She opened the door, and a blare of jazz music rushed in. Above it rose a woman's harsh, brazen laugh.

The door closed with a click, and Maria was alone, *her* story untold.

What a momentous result one kiss could have, when the kissed awakened a woman's soul. Maria closed her eyes, trying to shut out the vision of Slim Shayne's brutal, conquering kiss, his hands tearing the dress from her shoulders. But for a pistol shot, her story might have been the same as her mother's.

GEORGIA Morton paused for a moment at the bottom of the stairs to regain her composure, to get her nerves and her emotions under control. Then she passed unnoticing among the patrons of the café at the tables into the gambling room. She ordered the men and two girls who were at the roulette table to leave. One by one, exchanging puzzled glances, they went out.

The Archduke, who had been acting as croupier, sighed when he saw the nervous, excited condition in which Mrs. Norton presented herself. Her face was streaked with mascara and rouge in spite of the powder she had applied. He sighed because it portended another scene, and yet there was an unwonted curiosity in the glance he gave her. He had never seen her quite so unstrung. Before he had time to question her, she announced in an agitated voice:

"I'm through, Duke! I'm quitting this place!"

The Archduke smiled cryptically. He had heard this story many times before. He did not believe she would ever quit. The game was in her blood. And she made a living at it, and enough to keep her daughter in a fashionable girls' school. It cost money to educate a girl as though she were the daughter of wealthy parents.

"I mean it!" Mrs. Morton asserted doggedly. "This time I'm through! Tonight ends it!"

"What's happened to upset you so, Georgia?"

"My daughter has found me out."

"What!" The Archduke's smile vanished as he stared in amazement at his agitated partner. "How is that possible?"

"She came here tonight. She's up in my room now."

"How did she find out you were here?"

"I didn't ask. She went to Monk, seeking me, I suppose, and he told her."

The man gave vent to a still incredulous whistle.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Sell out for what you can get—I leave everything in your hands—but at once."

He detained her, discussing ways and means, and, while they were closeted, Slim Shayne entered the café and approachd Gus, the affable waiter.

"Where's the boss?" he asked.

"With some new girl," he replied, gesturing that Mrs. Morton and the girl had gone upstairs. Slim turned his steps toward the stairs, calling:

"Bring up a bottle of gin, Gus?"

He did not wait for a reply. The door to Georgia's room resisted his attempt to open it, and he whistled to attract her attention.

"Hey, Georgia! Let me in!" There was no reply and he became impatient. "Hey, Georgia! What's the idea, locking me out?" He rapped loudly.

That knocking on the door and the call that accompanied it awoke Maria from her thoughts with such startling suddenness that she was in doubt what to do. She stood up but remained standing undecidedly by her chair until the knocking was repeated, still more loudly. Then she made up her mind. She went quickly to the door and asked, almost in a whisper:

"Who is it?"

"Aw, come on, Georgia! Don't you know my voice?"

A familiar note in the tone startled Maria, yet she had not recognized the caller so urgently asking for admittance. She unlocked the door and swung it open. Slim stepped across the threshold and came to a dead stop as his eyes fell on the girl. At the shock of seeing him, she stepped back. Motionless they stared at each other.

Slim let the door swing almost shut behind him and breathlessly cried:

"Maria!"

The girl just stood and stared at him. Slim was never long at a loss for words. He quickly recovered from his surprise.

"This sure is the last place I thought of finding you!"

Maria had recovered herself sufficiently to ask coolly:

"What are *you* doing here?"

Slim grinned apologetically, ignoring her question, trying to explain his desertion of her when the Sea Gull was raided.

"Listen, Maria—I'm sorry about the way I ran out on you the other night. The revenue office had me covered and I had no hankerin' for bein' locked up. I dashed

for the rail—he winged me, as it was." He displayed his injured arm, which was still in a sling. His grin widened and broke into a chuckle. "But you're even. You sure did put one over on me. My knockin' all around the world and then fallin' for your Miss Innocence stuff!" There was a tinge of admiration at her putting something over on him in the loud laugh that issued from his lips. "And I was boob enough to think that you really went to that school, that you didn't expect to be kissed, didn't want to be. And now I find you hidin' out in a joint!" He laughed again. "Until now I would have bet my last dime you were on the level."

"I came to see some one," Maria explained stiffly, coldly.

"Sure, I know. That's what they all come here for—to see some one. After that school stuff, I suppose you expect me to believe anything."

"I've told you the truth," Maria said more earnestly. Why did she want this rum-runner to believe her?

"Don't get mad now, Maria." He wanted to placate her. The admiration in his eyes told her that. "I like you, anyway, like you a plenty—even if you did lie to me."

That boyish grin spread over his countenance as he approached her and tried to put his uninjured arm about her waist.

She pulled away from him and retreated to the chair she had been occupying. She was hurt at his disbelief and frightened at his prompt renewal of his dominating lovemaking. She had just learned from her mother how just a kiss, given carelessly by a masterful man, may wreck a girl's life.

Slim followed her, smiling in high good-humor at the idea of renewing his flirtation with such a provocative girl and with so much better prospects of a successful outcome.

"You know, Maria, I've got a hunch I'm going to fall for you again." It was no use. He never would believe her. In spite of herself, the tears sprang to Maria's eyes and began falling down her cheeks. Amazed and silenced, Slim stared at her. "Gee, Maria, I wonder if you've been tell' me the truth—and me boob enough not to believe it! Listen, Maria—aw quit cryin'. I believe you, honest I do."

He heard some one in the hallway and turned to find Gus, the waiter, entering with a tray containing two glasses and a bottle of gin.

"Get out!" Slim commanded. Gus grinned in complete understanding—or so he thought—set the tray down and disappeared. He left the door slightly ajar. Slim turned again to the weeping girl and tried clumsily to comfort her—had recourse to the masculine device of embracing a woman to comfort her. Against her half-hearted struggle, he put his uninjured arm about her and drew her close to him. "I believe you, Maria. Please quit cryin', won't you?" He placed his hand under her chin, as she continued to weep, and lifted her face. As he saw its beauty, its softness, harassed by grief, he became very gentle. He caressed her hair lightly and then encircled her waist again, drawing her close. His lips touched her ear. She turned her head, afraid that he was going to kiss her—afraid, yet half wishing that he would. "Maria, I love you." His voice was so soft and gentle that Maria looked up at him, startled. She tried to stifle her sobs, almost on the point of surrendering. "I'll take you away from here. You ain't the sort of girl to be around a place of this kind."

Yet that's what she was—a girl to be around a place of this kind, an inheritance from her mother and father. His words awoke her from the spell his tenderness, his words of love had been putting upon her. She shook her head, not trusting herself to speak, slipped from his arms into the chair and gave way to her unhappiness. Slim was hurt at her distress. He paced angrily up and down the room.

"All I want to know is who brought you to this dump—and a chance to lay my hands on the dirty egg! Tell me who it was, Maria. Just a minute with him is all I want."

He stopped abruptly as Georgia Morton flung the door open, admitting a blare of jazz. She rushed upon Slim in a fury, gesturing wildly toward the open door.

"Get out!" she screamed in a torrent of passion. "Get out!" *(Continued in the September 17th issue)*

THE SINGLE STANDARD

(Continued from page 6)

And the girl could not be anything but honest.

"I don't know," she answered thoughtfully, searching her own soul.

But, later, as through the windows of the yacht club she saw the *All Alone* lying at anchor, she knew that she was afraid—terribly so—afraid of the yearning to be in Packy Cannon's arms, to feel his lips on hers, to hear his love words whispered in her ear. At last she could stand it no longer and she stole away from the dance and rowed out to the *All Alone*. From the veranda a group of women watched the boat as it glided over the water and knew that their predictions concerning Tommy's marriage were about to be fulfilled.

"I told you so," one addressed the group. "I was sure that marriage would never last."

At that instant Tommy came out on the veranda and he, too, recognized the figure that was now climbing over the side of the *All Alone*. A hurt look came to his eyes but he walked straight up to the group and remarked quite carelessly:

"We saw Cannon today. Arden is arranging for a dinner for him tomorrow."

MEANWHILE, in the cabin of the *All Alone*, Arden was clasped in the arms of the man who knew that his great desire for her would bring her to his side. For a moment they were lost in a mad embrace there alone on the stillness of the water. Then Arden threw back her head and her eyes searched his face.

"Everything is just the same?" she questioned eagerly.

"Everything," he told her. "I can't work, I can't think, nothing in the world counts but you." He strained her to him hungrily. "You are in my heart, you belong to me, I'll never let you go again."

And to the girl nothing else seemed to matter except that she was with him—nothing else would ever matter.

"Packy, I'll go with you anywhere—anywhere in the world," she cried passionately.

Then they decided they must be honest in their love, Tommy must know about it from their own lips.

"I'll go ashore with you and we'll talk to him together," the man suggested.

But Arden wanted to do it alone, to tell him as gently as possible. And, even as she hurried home to see him, Tommy was already on his way to the *All Alone*. His face was white, his eyes lifeless as he confronted Packy in his cabin.

"Arden was here tonight?" he questioned abruptly.

"Yes," the other told him calmly. "We're going away She went back to talk to you."

Tommy took a seat at the table, facing Packy, and laid a pistol before him. There was no sign of flinching in the other's eyes as he asked:

"Coffee and pistols for two?"

"For one," Tommy returned. "When my wife returns here, you're going to send her back. Tomorrow I'll go on a hunting trip, there will be an accident, Arden will be honorably free. You see, Cannon, I won't have a scandal. This time *our* emotions don't matter; there is a child to think of. If you don't send Arden back, you're the one that will go."

A row boat had touched the side of the yacht and, with another word of warning to Packy, Tommy hurried from the cabin. As he looked down from the top of the steps, he saw his wife enter and throw herself into Packy's arms. His eyes contracted wtih pain as he turned away and he did not hear Arden's cry:

"I can't go, Packy, I can't! There's my son. He'll be grown up some day. I couldn't bear to have him look at me with the contempt I saw in people's eyes tonight."

There was something in the face of this new Arden of which even Packy's love and passion stood in awe. His eyes searched hers as he asked:

"Are you sure, Arden, deep in your heart, you'll never be sorry?"

'I'm sure, Packy," she returned. "One man will always be first in my life—and he is my son." The man sank down in a chair at the table, covering his face with his hands. "Try to understand, Packy," the girl continued, gently. "Everything has changed. My life belongs to others now—not to myself."

With a kiss of farewell on the bowed head, she stole from the cabin and rowed back to the shore.

IT was late that night when Tommy returned home.

Arden had spent the intervening hours at the bedside of her baby, her eyes fastened on his sleeping face, her thoughts going up in a prayer of thanksgiving that she had discovered the strength of her love for him before it was too late. It was here Tommy found her.

"Hope you weren't worried, dear," he said gently. "I was with the boys. We're going on a hunting trip."

"Tommy"—she turned her face to his—"there's something I want to tell you."

He put a finger on her lips.

"You don't need to tell me anything, dear—I understand."

He took her in his arms and softly kissed her eyes, then, with a laughing remark about the contemplated hunting trip, left her to pack. She followed him to his room a few minutes later and found him examining his guns.

"They're full of rust," he announced, pulling the triggers.

"There's some oil in your cabinet," she told him.

"No—I looked there," he announced.

But Arden was sure. She had seen it only the day before. She was puzzled when she opened the door and found it where no one could possibly miss it. She handed it to him without comment and he put it in his case, promising to fix the guns later. As she went about preparing for the night, she watched him covertly. From the door of her room she saw him kneel beside the baby's bed, saw him take one tiny hand in his and cover it with kisses, saw the broad shoulders shake with silent sobs, saw the tears dim the kind eyes—and instinctively she knew. He was composed when he came into her room but his face was deathly white. Gently he took her in his arms and searched her eyes.

"Arden," he said finally, "you've given me the happiest three years of my life."

"Tommy, I wanted to tell you—I'm no longer afraid," she told him.

She led him to the window and his gaze followed hers to where in the path of moonlight the *All Alone* was gliding out to faraway seas, at the wheel a lonely man who had learned too late that love, not work, was the vital force in his life.

THAT'S THAT

(*Continued from page* 13)

"We have the eighteen-day diet on our menu," says Charles A. Bader, chef at the Studio commissary. "Some of the screen players are using it, but they are in the minority. We find even some of the workmen calling for it. They say they are doing it ot keep their wives company."

Bader stated that he feeds about 5,500 people a week. He listed the most important items for an average week as follows: 700 lbs meat, 250 lbs fish, 300 dozen eggs, 300 lbs butter, 200 lbs coffee, 1,500 bottles of milk, 800 lbs flour, 600 lbs sugar, 200 gallons ice cream, 20 boxes of oranges.

This amount of foodstuffs would be sufficient to care for a small town, Bader declared. He endorses the eighteen-day diet for hot weather and says that it is an excellent balanced ration, with nourishing items.

"But I find that our artists eat about what they want, when they want it. As a rule, they don't seem to worry about their weight. Some of our slender feminine stars order, and seem to enjoy, a very hearty lunch. They work hard and don't have to diet."

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